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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Circulation Last Week. 106,000.

VOLUME LVI. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1888. NUMBER 4.

Poetry.

I SHALL SLEEP.

Yes, I shall sleep, some sunny day,
When blossoms in the wind are dancing,
And children at their cheerful play
Heed not the mournful crowd advancing.
Up through the long and busy street
They'll bear me to my last retreat.

Or else it matters not—may rave
The storm and sleet and wintry weather
Above the bleak and new-made grave,
Where care and I lie down together.
Enough that I shall know it not,
Beneath in that dark, narrow spot.

Oh, sweet repose! Oh, slumber blest!
Oh, night of peace!—no storm, no sorrow—
No heavy stirring in my rest,
To meet another weary morrow;
I shall note no night nor dawn,
But still, with folded hands, sleep on.

Then weep not, friends, what time ye lay
The cold, moist earth above my ashes;
Think what a rest awaits my clay,
And smooth the mound with tearless lashes,
Glad that the wasted form within
Has done at length with care and sin.

Think that with her the strife is o'er—
Life's stormy, struggling battle ended;
Hope that the soul has gained that shore
To which, though weak, her footsteps tended;
Breathe the dear hope above her sod,
And leave her to her rest—and God."

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

HON. COATES KINNEY.

When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber-bed,
And lie listening to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their air threads into woof
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used in years agone,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn;
O! I feel her fond look on me
As I list to this refrain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With the golden curls and waving hair,
And her star-eyed cherub brother—
A serene, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the soft rain on the roof,

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes delicious blue;
And I mind not musing on her,
That her heart was all untrue;
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses quiver
To the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can worthily match with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of Nature
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

AT THE RIVER.

MAIBE JOUSSAGE.

I am standing alone by a mystic tide,
And the dark, swift waters flow past my feet,
While floating across from the other side
Come strains of music heavenly sweet;
And I see the beautiful white-robed throng
Beckoning to me from across the wave,
And I long to join in the rapturous song,
But the cold, dark waters I dare not brave.

I press my foot to the river of death,
But backward shrink with quivering start,
For the icy waters have stopped my breath
And frozen the blood in my frightened heart.
Then softly and sweetly the angel song
Comes floating across to my listening ear,
"Though the river is dark and swift and strong,
There is one who will help you, so be of good cheer."

And then in the midst of the beautiful land
A wondrous vision bursts on my sight,
And I seem to see on that shining strand
A flood of celestial glory and light;
And softly there steal to my troubled soul
These loving words, and they calm all fear,
"Fear not, my child, though the waters roll
I will bear thee up, so be of good cheer."

With a world of love in his patient eyes
He stretches his bleeding hands to aid,
And once more he speaks in words sad and wise,
"Oh, doubting one, art though still afraid?
My feet once pressed these cold dark waves,
Unaided I stepped o'er the river's brink,
And will thou not trust me, its dangers brave?
I will bear thee up so thou nay'st not sink."

Then all fear goes out from my doubting soul
And a wonderful peace steals in instead,
As once more I press to the river cold
And the icy waters no longer dread;
And as boldly I plunge in the chilling tide
The song of the angels rings sweet and clear,
"Though the river is dark and cold and wide,
Thy Saviour is with thee, so be of good cheer."

Our Story Teller.

"TWO TO ONE."

"Ha, Miss Floyd, nothing wrong with you, eh? You really set a magnificent example to your sex—no, no, I won't sit down; must have my constitutional, you know. I hope your mother is not ill?"

"O, I guess she's feeling rather bad. She's been down stairs quite a long time; but she's got a dozen lemons, ar'yhow, so she'll do." was Miss Mamie G. Floyd's most unfinal reply.

Old Dr. Stuart toddled away, and Miss Mamie G. Floyd nestled back more comfortably on her deck chair, perched her pretty little head coquettishly on the pink-hued cushion, without which she never traveled, and then gave herself up to an interesting story which possessed the distinct delight of making her "creep like mad." She was almost alone in her glory, for the Griselder had only steamed out of New York bay the evening before, and such ladies as were on board it were too nervous or too ill to face a decidedly rough morning on deck. Miss Mamie had come to the end of her book; and when at last she closed the volume, and had recovered from the last creep, she found herself sole occupant of the lee-side, with a heavy rain soaking the awning, and the long row of empty deck chairs for her only companions.

"Well, this is lively, anyhow," she mused dismally; "how do I suppose I am going to pass the next six days. Even ma is better off than I am; she has the lemons and the uncertainty, while I—"

Miss Mamie strangled a yawn, and then all of a sudden she was very wide awake. Away at the end of the deck she described two figures, one slender and graceful, despite the hideous mackintosh that covered it, the other a very tall, very broad shouldered man, who was distinctly familiar to Miss Mamie, and at sight of whom she pursed up her pretty lips and emitted a soft whistle.

"Jack Dudley, by all that's queer!" she remarked to herself. "I guess ma will have a fit when she finds that out. Up to his old games, I suppose. Looks like it."

But at that moment the female figure vanished, and Mr. Dudley came striding along the wet deck, his collar well turned up, and his hands deep in his pockets.

"Miss Floyd! You here? I—what a surprise!"

"Quite a long time since we met, isn't it, Mr. Dudley? No, don't take off your cap, you'll get your head wet, and that will serve no purpose, anyhow."

Jack Dudley laughed, and shook himself like a big Newfoundland dog.

"One wet inch more or less, what does it matter?" he said, as he sat down on the empty chair next her, and looked at her with much admiration expressed in his dark blue eyes; "but its a very different thing for you. Are you wise to stay out here, Miss Floyd? Your rug is soaked through."

"I like it," was the reply; and in the face of this there was nothing more to be said, Jack Dudley having learned by experience that whatever Miss Mamie G. Floyd desired to do, that she did.

There was a considerable silence after it had broken at last by her.

"Well, she observed, sharply, "have you nothing to say, Ja—Mr. Dudley?"

"Nothing at all, Ma—Miss Floyd."

Miss Mamie prodded viciously at her chair with her dainty little feet.

"Who are you fooling round with now?" was her next question.

"Am I to understand by that that you allude to our former engagement as 'fooling round?'" was the reply, given very mournfully. "If so, you very—"

Miss Mamie laughed. "What an actor you are, Jack, off the stage."

"How did you know I had ever been on one?" he asked eagerly.

"I saw you in Chicago a while back, and I just enjoyed myself, I can tell you! That was the first and last time I have seen or heard of you since—" and Miss Mamie finished abruptly.

A certain look of relief flashed into Jack Dudley's eyes; then it changed to one of sadness and admiration mingled.

"You used to be kind to me once, Mamie," he murmured softly.

A bright flush covered Miss Floyd's piquant face; her brows contracted a little and her lips tightened.

"Don't you think the less we discuss the past the better?" she said; and with that she sat upright and began to unfurl her rug.

"I guess I'll go down a while now," she observed in her easiest tones. "Will you please give me a hand here, Mr. Dudley?"

The hint conveyed in her first words was not lost on Jack Dudley, and as he carefully unwrapped her and helped her to progress along the slippery deck, his manner was only that of the conventional stranger who offers assistance to a fair damsel in need of help.

Miss Mamie G. Floyd found her mother in the hands of the stewardess, uttering loud cries of alarm as the ship gave an occasional lurch, but otherwise in robust health.

"I guess I won't spring Jack on her just yet; she feels badly enough as it is; and, after all, I am quite able to take care of myself, and I know just how much that young man is worth. If I don't, I ought to; I had experience enough for any girl."

Miss Mamie removed her wet garments, took a farewell glance at her chestnut-tinged hang, and marched away to luncheon with an appetite that provoked a wonder in her mother's breast, a wonder accompanied with a shudder.

She cast her sharp eyes round the saloon for that female figure who had shown herself for a moment on the deck with Mr. Dudley, but, though there were one or two who possessed of sufficient temerity to brave the luncheon table, Miss Mamie soon decided she was not there.

"It will be kind of quaint watching Jack flirt with some other girl and fool her as he fooled me," she thought, as she discussed the good things. "My! what an idiot I made of myself. I guess he will have to be very sharp to get the best of me again in a hurry. How well he wears. I wonder what he uses for his mustache? It is simply heavenly, that color."

"Are you going to venture on deck again this afternoon, Miss Floyd? If so, will you let me make you comfortable? I have found the snuggest corner in the world, where neither wind nor spray nor rain can reach," said Mr. Dudley, when lunch was over.

"That so? Then I'm there. I'll only be one minute."

Really she spent a very pleasant afternoon and was quite astonished when the first gong went for dinner. Jack had made her comfortable indeed, and his quiet ways and endless anecdotes of his daily life and career since the memorable day when Mr. Hiram P. Floyd, jr., had suddenly shown him the door of the mansion in Fifth avenue, and his position as *flance* to Miss Mamie had come to premature end. To some people this unexpected meeting with an old lover might have been both painful and disagreeable; but neither Mr. Dudley nor Miss Mamie appeared to experience any discomfort. With one mind they banished the past and gave themselves up to the more agreeable present.

It was not until Miss Floyd was safely tucked in her berth that night, where neither the stewardess's wonted gruffness nor the noise of the distant screw combined could rob her of her sleep, that she realized exactly what she had been doing.

"I suppose Hiram would just about smash me if he knew I had been even decently civil to Jack; but as he won't know, I needn't trouble to think about it. Seems such a pity," she mused dozily, "that Jack is such an awful black sheep. I wonder if that old story is quite true? Hiram swore it was, of course, and Jack didn't defend himself; well, but then it is an awkward thing, I guess, to have to prove you ain't a thief and haven't swindled your best friend, and he does not look like a thief, especially with that lovely mustache. I half wish that I—"

But Miss Mamie's wish, whatever it was, was lost in dreamland, and when she awoke the next morning all traces of romance had left her mind.

"He will just do to carry my things and look after me, but he must have something, and, of course, if ma will insist on crossing at this beastly time of the year, one is glad to find anybody decent, whether one knows him to be a thief or not."

Fortunate it was for Mrs. Hiram P. Floyd's peace of mind that she remained in total ignorance of the fact that her daughter's companion was on deck, or it is doubtful whether even the dread of a sudden and awful collapse would have restrained her from rushing up to protect her progeny.

This state of affairs continued for three days, while very bad weather raged, and during this time Miss Mamie and Mr. Dudley had the deck almost to themselves.

On the morning of the fourth day, however, Dr. Stuart was seen gallantly assisting a fair and very evident sufferer up the companion stairs.

Quick as lightning Miss Mamie discovered Jack's companion of the first day, but beyond raising his hat Mr. Dudley evinced no further desire to leave her side and approach the other lady, although by and by he rose on some pretense of writing a letter, and went below.

Miss Mamie was by nature conversational and also very humble. She pitied the poor creature whose pale face testified to the misery she had been and still was enduring, and when Dr. Stewart in a few confidential words informed her that he had discovered the young lady to be quite alone and evidently in great trouble, Mamie's warm heart went out to her sister traveler in the impetuous way her mother and brother so frequently deplored.

In five minutes the two women were friends, and Miss Mamie decided that Dr. Stuart had not been wrong when he had said that Miss Elliot was very desolate, very sad and very poor. She did not even possess a ring, and was covered with a thin flimsy shawl, until Mamie sent the deck steward for some of her manifold wraps, and, despite Miss Elliot's protestation, had her swathed in them until she resembled nothing so much as a mummy.

When the luncheon gong sounded Mamie had determined that for the rest of the voyage, at any rate, Miss Elliot should have real care and attention. She informed Mr. Dudley of this, and tried to enlist his ready sympathy. To her surprise Jack was slow to give it.

"I don't—if you will allow me to presume to advise you, Miss Floyd—I don't think you should allow yourself to become too intimate with that girl. One never knows what that sort of thing leads to. Besides, it is rather strange, you know, traveling alone with no rugs or——"

"Perhaps, if you were a poor governess who had been shamefully treated you would have to travel alone, and might not be able to afford rugs. As if that made any difference," was Miss Mamie's retort.

Jack Dudley said no more, only he managed to express an extraordinary amount in the glance he gave his ex-fiance, which glance had the effect of discomposing Miss Mamie just a little.

"I suppose I'm doing the wrong thing in letting Jack be so intimate, but I can't help myself; it's only for one week, and it don't hurt anybody as long as they don't know. Funny he should not be kind about that poor thing—she's pretty enough to get any man's pity!"

Miss Elliott certainly was pretty; there was a pathetic, wistful look in her dark-brown eyes that won her immediate sympathy and admiration. All the passengers had a kind word for her, and she was voted a charming, modest, simple creature.

Miss Mamie tried to awaken an interest for her protege in her mother, but this was vain. Mrs. Hiram P. Floyd could think of no one but herself, and her ailments, and since the weather continued a trifle boisterous refused absolutely to stir from her comfortable berth. Miss Elliot had made several pretty little offers of assistance to the suffering lady, but Miss Mamie only shook her head.

"Best leave her alone. We can't do her any good; she would have a fit of hysterics if she were to see such big waves."

"Dr. Stuart tells me he shall be at Queenstown to-morrow," said Miss Elliot after a pause.

Miss Mamie looked at her sharply. "Are you glad or sorry?" she asked in her abrupt way.

The other gave a little sigh, tears were filling her eyes, and her lips quivering. "I—I should have been glad once, but now there is no one to greet me. I am all alone, not even a friend left."

"I guess you're wrong there; you've got me."

Miss Elliot turned impulsively. "Ah! how can I thank you? How good you have been! You are an angel!"

Miss Mamie tried to laugh at this, but somehow she felt wretched. It seemed to her dreadful to contemplate an existence utterly, entirely alone, and then Jack's eyes would follow her, and down at the bottom of her heart there lived an uneasy sensation which was not to be clearly defined. She consoled herself whenever a qualm of conscience followed on the thought that she was deceiving her mother by remembering for the last three days she had rarely spoken to Mr. Dudley alone, and that consequently her conduct was not so reprehensible as it might have been.

That evening she and Gladys Elliot sat together in her cabin, and with a view to amuse the English girl, prompted, it must be said, by the evident desire shown by Miss Elliot to be permitted a glimpse of the other's treasures, the American produced all the pretty contents of her cabin trunk, and spread out her jewels.

"I guess they're pretty enough," Miss Mamie allowed, as the other broke into loud exclamations of admiration. "This," lifting up a pendant of brilliants, "this was a gift from Dr. Biddolph; I'm going to marry him, you know. Now I think you've had enough of this stuffy place; let us go up on deck."

Miss Elliot watched her hastily throw the little leather cases into the traveling bag with deep interest. "It's that quite safe?" she asked, eagerly. Miss Mamie showed her the lock. "Quaint, isn't it, and awfully simple? But, you see, no one could open it unless they knew just how."

Upon deck Miss Elliot and Mr. Jack Dudley came together in the dark for one minute, and it certainly was strange how much two comparative strangers—two, moreover, who expressed such a strong and mutual dislike—had to say to one another before Miss Mamie appeared.

Everything was confusion as the Griselda reached Queenstown. Miss Mamie received a perfect budget of telegrams and letters, and she went into the ladies' saloon to read them. Scarcely had she entered, however, before she became aware that some one was crouched in a corner weeping, and looking round she discovered Miss Elliot.

In two minutes she had learned all. Gladys had expected a letter to reach her at Queenstown with some money in it. This letter had not come. Truth to tell, her account of this was so confused and broken that, had Miss Mamie been less excited and impulsive, she might have been a little doubtful, but, as it was, without a moment's hesitation, she walked down to her cabin with much determination. On the way up again she met Jack Dudley.

"I am afraid, after all, that that poor girl is in great trouble," he said, detaining Miss Mamie to one side. "I saw her face just now when the mail came in. Do you know, I believe she has not a cent to bless herself with. I—I—it's horrible, and deuced awkward, too. I should like to help her, but you see a man can't do that sort of thing without insulting. I wonder if—I mean—look here dear, that 'dear' was a great shock to Miss Mamie—"will you help me? I have only got my check book with me, but I have written a check for £25; perhaps we can cash it on board, and then you can offer to lend her the money, and she will never know that I had anything to do with it."

Miss Mamie held out her hand. "Give me the check," she said, quietly; "I will cash it and put your loan with mine; for it's funny, isn't it, but I was just about to do the same thing?" There was a little pause, and then she said, softly, "I knew you had a real good heart all along, Jack," and with that she went away.

It was with some difficulty Miss Mamie induced Gladys Elliott to accept the loan of so large a sum, but by dint of coaxing and common-sense argument she succeded at last, and the envelope inclosing the bank notes was slipped into the other's hand.

As soon as she was alone, Miss Mamie unfolded Jack's check. "For five-and-twenty pounds," she read, and somehow the writing became blurred all at once. "And that's the man Hiram kicked out and called a thief! I guess he made a mistake, and so did I. I'll go and speak to Jack this very minute. Suppose I am going to marry Mr. Biddulph, there's no harm in saying I'm sorry to an old love."

But fate, in the form of her mother, appeared at this juncture and prevented her. There must be a letter to be written at once to go off by the tender and catch the next steamer outward bound. Mamie must write it without delay. Despite her daughter's protests that it was too late, Miss Mamie had to obey, and then rushed on deck in time to see the tender half way to land, and to learn by the movement of the paddles that her engines were hard at work again.

"Never mind, now I can find Jack," she determined; and away she marched on her voyage of discovery. But though she looked till she was tired no sign of Mr. Dudley was visible. Gladys Elliott, too, had disappeared from the ladies' saloon, but that was nothing strange.

I was not until she was seated at dinner that Miss Mamie heard the startling intelligence that Mr. Dudley and that poor, pretty Miss Elliot were among the few passengers who had embarked at Queenstown; and while the truth that she had been shamefully "done" was slowly but surely creeping into her mind, Miss Mamie made another discovery, one even more unpleasant to realize than the first. As she was seated in her cabin, trying to puzzle out the mystery, she was suddenly confronted with the sight of her traveling-bag wide open, staring at her defiantly from the berth. In an instant she knew the worst. Every valuable jewel has gone, and in their place was a little note, which, when she read it, left her utterly speechless and pale to the lips:

DEAR MISS FLOYD:—The smartness of your nation is proverbial, but when your brother kicks your next admirer out of doors, let him be warned as to future moves. I have waited some time for my revenge; it has come at last, and, I may add, come in the pleasantest fashion possible. My wife, Gladys Elliot Dudley, and myself being decidedly reduced in circumstances have to thank you for our most liberal thanks. Your jewels will keep us comfortably for a long time, while the money you were kind enough to lend us will not come amiss. Altogether you will allow that not even you yourself could have done the trick neater. Doubtless you will institute some sort of proceedings against us, but, as we have nearly a day's start, we may give you some trouble. Trusting your marriage may be a happy one, I remain your obedient servant, JOHN DUDLEY.

P.S.—Of course, I need hardly add that I have no banking account, and that, therefore, my check is worthless.

For one hour did Miss Mamie G. Floyd sit gazing at that letter, and then with determination she tore it to atoms and threw it out of the open port. "No," she said; "I'll do nothing. It serves me right, and as I don't want to hear everybody tell me so I'll hold my tongue about this affair. The paltry hundred pounds they are welcome to, though it's awkward about the jewels, but I must make that all right with Paul Biddulph."

Miss Mamie paused for an instant after this. "The next voyage I take," she then observed slowly, "I guess I'll stay below with ma and the lemons."—*London World.*

PROPRIETY IN YE OLDEN TIMES.

How American Society Conducted Itself in the Good Old Days.

Those "society balls" were conducted with great propriety and reserve. The claim of every person of both sexes to be admitted having been previously determined by the responsible and trusty committee, there was a sort of temporary and conventional equality on the terpsichorean floor; and therefore every gentleman had the privilege to invite a lady without the formality of an introduction to figure in the dance as his partner. After it was over he escorted her back respectfully to her seat, without presuming, if unknown and not duly presented, to remain standing before her, or to sit by her side, to continue the conversation or prolong the accidental acquaintance.

During the intervals of dancing the gentlemen walked up and down between the rows of ladies that densely lined the hall, some merely bowing as they passed to those whom they knew, and others stopping to converse. No woman, married or single, joined in this promenading with a male companion, as is the custom in these present days, and the rule of a house could not have detected the slightest flirtation. The word itself was not known, for the thing it means is for Louisiana a modern invention which had not then been patented and brought out for public use. In fact, this peculiar pastime would have been impossible to attempt. It would have produced a social earthquake.—*American Magazine.*

SPORT FOR THE PARLOR.

Diversion in Which the Family Cat Plays an Important Part.

The cry of physicians all over the country is that Americans do not take sufficient rest and recreation; that holidays and seasons of relaxation are far too few. I have looked into the matter some and find that it is only too true. I have a little plan to largely do away with this.

My plan is inexpensive and takes but little time. It is as follows: Get a sheet of common sticky fly paper, such as any druggist can furnish you. Lay it on the carpet in the middle of the floor and then introduce the family cat and by fair means or foul, according to the place you occupy in the confidence of the feline, induce her to step on it.

Now this may at first sight look frivolous, and beneath the old and dignified lawyer, minister or broker, but if so it is only because he has never tried it.

It is at first sufficient to induce the cat to place one foot on the paper, and if, after she makes the rounds of the room a few times leaping the furniture, she has not become more closely connected with it, she may be persuaded to attach her near forefoot and off hindfoot, and again be allowed to leave the bric-a-brac and turn back handsprings off the piano.

Here you have rest and pleasure combined.

When she gets all four feet on it, as she must sooner or later, and makes flying leaps at the chandelier, then you have relaxation, sport and holiday gayety all for five cents for paper.

If you haven't a cat of your own you can inveigle your neighbor's into the parlor. In such a case it is better for the neighborhood harmony to remove the paper before you let her return home.

Do not adjust one cat on more than one piece of paper, though several cats and an equal number of papers greatly increase the excitement, and consequently beneficial results to the person seeking recreation.

The practice of grabbing the cat by the tail and slamming her down on the paper broadside cannot be too strongly discouraged.

After it is all over the paper can be removed with a little warm water, and you will go to your business refreshed in mind and body and feeling as if you had always been running for office on the laboring man's ticket and had never done any work in your life.—*Chicago Tribune.*

ENGLISH SENSE OF HUMOR.

It Is Remarkably Slow, But They Get There Eventually.

Mr. Chauncey Depew was talking awhile ago to some New York friends, and the conversation turned upon the density of Englishmen in the matter of humor. Said Mr. Depew, laughing over some anecdote that had been related: "Some years ago I had to make an after-dinner speech at the country home of a genial and wealthy Englishman, who lives a hundred miles or so from London. I began by apologizing for my lack of preparation, on the ground that the man who usually wrote my extemporaneous speeches had failed to put in appearance. Nobody smiled. I tried again, and that attempt was no more successful than the first. In fact, every effort to be interesting to convulse the gentlemen gathered about that banquet-table seemed to plunge them into deeper and more profound gloom, and I finally sat down, convinced that I was a ghastly and grewsome failure I went over to Paris and traveled about the continent for several weeks. When I returned to London and was walking up Regent street when I met the Englishman who had been my entertainer in the country. He came up to me with a burst of laughter. As he grasped my hands in his the tears almost ran down his cheeks, he was laughing so hard. He exclaimed: 'My boy, that was a capital joke of yours about your extemporaneous speech at my banquet. Ha, ha, ha! I came all the way up town to have a laugh with you about it.' And he did laugh. Finally I said to him: 'That was very kind of you. You must have come up by the slow express?' He looked at me with an expression of deep amazement, and I didn't see him for a week. At the end of that time he came up to me again, laughing all over, and roared: 'By jove, Depew, that was a witty thing you said to me the other day. The slow express! Ha, ha, ha!'

"And that," continued Mr. Depew, "goes to show that Englishmen really appreciate humor, though they are apt to be in the rear of the procession."

How to Prove the Earth's Motion.

Any one can prove the rotary motion of the earth on its axis by a simple experiment, for making which an educational journal of Frankfort, Germany, gives the following directions:

"Take a good-sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water, and place it upon the floor of a room where it is exposed to shaking or jarring from the street.

"Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of lycopodium powder—a white substance which can be obtained at any apothecary's. Then, upon the surface of this coating of powder make with powdered charcoal a straight, black line, say 1 inch or 2 inches in length.

"Having made this little black mark with the charcoal powder on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down upon the floor, close to the bowl, a stick or some other straight objects, so that it shall be exactly parallel with the mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor, or with any stationary object in the room, this will serve as well.

"Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours and then observe the position of the black mark with reference to the object that it was parallel with.

"It will be found to have moved about, and to have moved from east to west—that is to say, in that direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth on its axis.

"The earth, in simply revolving, has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it, but the powder on the surface has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from east to west, which is perfectly good proof that everything else has moved the other other way."

Too Eloquent to be Original.

Some queer things happen now and then in society, which, though they do not get in the papers, nevertheless raise considerable stir for the time being in the particular circle most nearly affected by them. Particularly is this true in the matter of weddings, two notable instances having taken place very recently. At one of the weddings, which was celebrated according to the Presbyterian rites, the young clergyman came from New York to officiate, as he was a near relative of one of the contracting parties. The young divine, rising to the dignity of the occasion, delivered a long address, the glowing eloquence of which caused his hearers to thrill with enthusiasm and prognosticate for him great things for the future. So decided was the impression created on all present by his address that it became the subject of universal comment, proving a veritable nine days' wonder, in the midst of which the subject departed for his parish in New York in a Wagner palace car. The bride at the wedding was a lady to whom the address seemed strangely familiar. Do what she could not rid herself of the idea that somewhere she had read the whole address—that it was not original with the young divine. Imbued with this idea, she put on her thinking-cap to some purpose, for before very long she had located the borrowed address, and taking down her favorite volume of George Eliot, traced it, word for word, in "Adam Bede," several pages of which had been studiously committed to memory, as having an appropriate bearing upon the ceremony at which he had been invited to officiate.—*Washington letter.*

A New Way of Making a Living.

Master Willie Barry is one of the brightest youngsters in Harlem. Recently his mother allowed him to accompany her on a visiting expedition, and the boy was delighted with the trip. At the house of a friend a gentleman offered him some money to buy candy, but his mother objected to his accepting it until the gentleman threatened to be offended unless the boy did accept it. It proved to be a new $1 bill. "Oh, mamma, can't I put it in my bank instead of spending it for candy?" asked the boy.

"Certainly, my child, if you want to," said his mother.

At the next house they called on a relative. Here the boy was always a welcome visitor. Before they parted Willie was obliged to accept twenty-five cents from the lady. When Willie and his mother returned home he said to her:

"Mother, what is the use of people working for a living when they can just go a visiting and get all they want without working hard for it?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

IN DEADLY PERIL.

A STRANGE STORY OF MINING LIFE.

BY JOHN PENDLETON.

"You will not dream of going down the pit to-day, sir?" said the banksman, touching his cap.

"Why not?" I replied, rather chagrined.

"Well, you see," he said, rubbing his chin, reflectively, "we always try to dissuade gents like you from going down. We can never tell what may happen; and it will be awkward" (he called it "orkard") "if you're killed."

I thought the man might be joking. But the forefinger of his right hand kept moving, slowly and seriously, across his chin. There was not the faintest indication of fun, either at the deeply-lined corners of his mouth or in his eyes. His face was earnest, solemn, and, though I do not profess to be easily upset, the man's manner impressed me more than I cared to own. I had left the lamp room bravely enough a minute or two previously, anxious to get down the mine. Now fear seemed to be creeping round my heart.

"The gent will be all right, Dick," said a short, thick-set miner, black as Erebus, by my side. This miner had "the exquisite gift of humor." His eyes twinkled with merriment, and his fat face expanded into a great smile, as he added, thoroughly enjoying the discomfiture I tried in vain to conceal, "The gent will be all right, Dick. The manager says I have to see him down the shaft, and give him into the care of Big Tom."

The banksman muttered to himself. Perhaps he did so to distract attention from the startled look that at once came into his eye.

"Are you ready, sir?" asked the merry miner, turning towards me, and speaking, I thought, a little too abruptly.

"Yes," I replied, desperately.

Up the shaft glided the cage, and stopped with a clang at the pit bank.

"Now, sir. Quick," said the short, fat miner.

I was hurried on to the iron foot-plate of the cage. With my right hand I clutched the cross-bar; with my left I gripped the safety lamp.

"Hold fast, sir," said the miner, grinning, as he stepped blithely after me.

The bell rang. There was a whirr of machinery. A noise as if a band of Siberian exiles were clanking above me in fetters. The floor of the cage seemed to be leaping away from me—plunging wildly into a terrible abyss. The daylight faded. I felt as though I was flying through a dark, damp clammy sky. The darkness increased—increased as rapidly, and the cage, dropping steadily through a glimmering light, reached the bottom of the shaft.

I was thankful that I had come so far alive; yet had a wild yearning to go back.

I was dazed—bewildered. In the lamp-lit corridor the greatest confusion seemed to prevail. Everything about me looked unceanny—weird. Half-a-dozen creatures, with hoarse voices and black faces, looking more like imps than men, were running corves to and fro. The shouting, the din, was brain-cracking. The echoes made my flesh creep. They died away, and sprang into life again in the most surprising manner. I imagined that these echoes, spreading to every working place in the mine, crept slowly behind the collier at his toil, and whispered mysteriously in his ears, "There's a stranger in the pit!"

Nor shall I forget the noiseless slouch of the miners, as they penetrated, safety lamp and tea can in hand, into the recesses of this subterranean workshop. It filled me with awe.

A door was suddenly thrown open, and I was conducted into a well lighted room—a room bricked, arched, and whitewashed. The walls were covered with plans of the workings, and instructions to the men in case the mine should be flooded, or fire be found in the pit.

A miner's kitten, shaking itself out of sleep, came slowly toward me, and rubbed its back against my ankles, possibly in sympathy.

At a little table sat a man with his face to the light. It was the deputy who had charge of the workings. He had a fine face, though it was covered with coal dust; a firm mouth, half-hidden by a dark drooping moustache; a firm chin, a Grecian nose, and a broad forehead, beneath which his bright black eyes gleamed with a kindly light. The man, I knew, was of gigantic stature, though he was seated. His great, broad shoulders, stretched half the length of the table; his hands were large, strong, sinewy. There was a look of power about him that strangely attracted me. I hoped he was to be my guide through the pit.

"Good day, sir," he said, rising, and grasping my right hand. "I suppose you are the gentleman who wishes to see through the mine?"

"Yes," I remarked, gazing with admiration at his tall form.

"Are you Big Tom?" I hazarded.

"That is my name in the pit. You are," he continued, referring to a letter on the table, "Sidney Wild, dramatist, in search of a strong situation for your new play."

"Yes, that is my object in coming here."

"Well, I think we can oblige you," he said, laughing. "But I hope you have a strong nerve."

"I'm not easily frightened," I replied, trying to laugh as heartily as he had done, but failing in the effort, and having (I am thoroughly ashamed to own it) rather an inglination to sob.

The air was grave like. I was rendered sickly by the vitiated atmosphere. I was altogether ill at ease, and half demented by the noise. The steel track might have been laid on my brain, and the loaded corves running through my head, so acutely did I feel the rush and crunch of the wagon as it was propelled to the shaft. I would have given a fortune, and abandoned all hope of fame, if at that moment of hyper-sensitiveness I could have stood in God's sunshine on the pit bank.

"You have chosen a strange day for your adventure," said Big Tom, gravely, having no doubt a shrewd idea of my mental perturbation.

"What do you mean?" I asked in some surprise.

Big Tom, who was making an entry in the report book, put aside his pen, looked at me searchingly, and, ignoring my question, said: "It's not too late for you back—to go up the shaft again if you like."

"No," I retorted, my pride overcoming my fear. "I would rather go forward. I am not afraid." Yet I could not help wondering what he mean by saying that I had chosen a strange day for my adventure.

"Don't you know it's Christmas Eve?" he said, with what I considered quite unnecessary amazement.

"Yes," I retorted, a little brusquely. "But there's nothing alarming in that—is there?"

"Well," he remarked, twirling the end of his moustache between his forefinger and thumb, "perhaps I ought not to tell you."

"Oh, don't hesitate," I said, nettled at these Cassandra-like attempts to get me up the shaft again.

"The fact is, then," he continued, watching me intently, "Christmas Eve is an unlucky day in this pit. I have been here twenty years now, and have noticed to my dismay that the mine always claim a victim on Christmas Eve. I cannot understand it. The ventilation may be never so good. The greatest care may be taken. But before the bells ring in a merry Christmas at the old church yonder" (pointing upward with his great blackened hand, in the direction of the village church, some half mile from the pit bank), "there is sure to be at least one lifeless form in the workings."

"You don't mean that—never!" I said, aghast, and my heart palpitated with a strange, though it might be a groundless, fear.

"It's true," he answered, sadly. "There is a curse on the pit on this day—the day that should be the brightest in all the year to the miner. Above ground, as you know, there will be festivity. Kindly greetings, meetings of old friends, the father's heart will be gladdened at his daughter's safe return from her bread-winning in some great city, the mother's eyes will fill with tears of joy as she welcomes her lad home again after his first tussle with the world. Happy faces will encircle many a fireside that we make bright with our perilous toil; but here there will be calamity."

Tears stood in the deputy's eyes and his lips quivered.

I was laboring under a strong emotion now; I had almost forgotten my own terror in pity for this mining Sisyphus, who had been striving year after year to roll disaster out of the mine.

"Cannot you account for it anyway?" I asked.

"No," he replied, in a serious tone, "without it is to be accounted for in this way—she's always about at this time!"

"She!" I exclaimed, surprised. "Who's she?" imagining vaguely that he must be referring to the heroine in a recent novel.

"The Weight!" he replied, with a sigh.

"The Weight! What on earth do you mean?" I asked.

"This is what I mean," he went on. "There are three things the miner dreads—fire, water, and the weight! If he has a safety lamp the collier may escape the explosion's blasting breath. If water breaks into the pit he can run for his life. But if 'the weight' comes on—if she's about," Big Tom added suddenly, seizing my right wrist, and paling with excitement, "there is no escape! In a moment the earth itself moves. The props break as if they were matchwood. The roof gives way like a house of card. The stone and coal fall with a deep thud. There is a shout of dispair—a startled cry—a moan; and the collier, who has been thinking of his wife and little ones, of the tidied hearth, the Christmas tree, the feasting and jollity of the next two days, during which the pit will be idle and the men at play, is crushed out of all semblance of life. It's horrible," he continued, wiping his eyes with a piece of cotton waste. "Little Punch, the pony driver, was crushed to death last year; Ranting Charley (he was a local preacher) was buried alive the year before; and the master's son was found dead beneath a heap of coal and broken posts two years back. Somebody is sure to be killed in the mine to-day—it might be you, sir," he said, with sudden intensity.

"Nonsense," I retorted, thinking after all that the big deputy was not as brave as he looked, and that he was giving way to superstitious cowardice.

"There's no nonsense about it," he said severely. "It's retribution. It's grim justice. The earth is only claiming a recompense—a cruel recompense for Christ's crucifixion."

"What?" I exclaimed, staring at Big Tom, startled at the wild originality of this thought, and beginning to question the man's sanity.

"I'm all right here," he said, drawing his right hand across his brow. "I'm sane enough," he observed, guessing my thoughts, and indulging in a peculiar smile. "A fire trier went mad in the pit the other day, and we found him singing hymns and playing with a naked light in the very heart of the workings. I was not all blown to Jericho. But there's no madness about me; I'm as sane as any statesman. Still, going about the pit on our lonely tramps, to see that all is safe, we fellows get singular fancies. This is mine: I look upon the earth not as a senseless mass, but as a being. The wonder is we are not all blown to Jericho. But there's no madness about me; I'm as sane as any statesman. Still, going about the pit on our lonely tramps, to see that all is safe, we fellows get singular fancies. This is mine: I look upon the earth not as a senseless mass, but as a being. The wonder is that it is not more restless, it is never still, never silent, and it is the most restless on Christmas eve. Then it speaks in the strangest voices. It moves hideously; the gas hisses and seethes in the heading; supernatural lights gleam on the coal face, which indulges in frightful grimaces—'makes faces' at you. The roof is shattered by gas, and comes down without warning in the most unexpected places. The dangers of the pit on this day are legion. There is disaster in the air. You had better go up the shaft sir—and come another day."

"Not if you will take me now," I replied. "Having got thus far, I should like to see the pit, whatever peril."

I had an idea that Big Tom was playing some prank with me, that it would afford him a rare laugh if I went up the shaft again.

"Then you insist on going through the workings," he asked.

"No, I don't insist," was my reply; "but I really should like to see how the miners get the coal. And, candidly, I don't place much faith in your Christmas Eve forebodings."

"Very well, then," he remarked, with what I thought was a rather sinister smile. "Now we perfectly understand each other. Perhaps, after all, my forebodings are childish. But I have been strangely unnerved to-day."

Big Tom did not say what had arisen to disturb his imperturbability. He looked at his watch—went to the telephone, and asked, "Is there any fire in the far bank?" (really "benk," or working place, in which the miners hew the coal).

Fortunate it was for me that a reply was given in the negative.

"That's lucky," muttered Big Tom, giving a keen look at the safety lamp I carried, and placing a collier's cudgel, a short alpenstock, in my hand.

"The road is very rough, and the roof low," he said; "keep at my heels, and take care to bend your head when I shout."

"

Recent Literature.

Josiah Allen's Wife has written some poems which have been collected into a volume and published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. This is a new role for Miss Holley, who is already so well known to the reading public by her "Sweet Cicely" and Samantha at Saratoga," to say nothing of her earlier books. There are over sixty poems, some short and others of considerable length, in this dainty and beautifully gotten-up volume. If we are not mistaken, this book of poems will add to the authoress's reputation. Some of the separate poems are exquisitely tender and beautiful. As a whole, there is a naturalness, a delicacy and sweetness of sentiment, and a touching pathos, to say nothing of the rhythm pervading it, that can not fail to commend the volume to all lovers of good poetry. The following is full of beauty and truth:

I think we shall know, shall know at last,
All that was strange in the past,
Shall one day know, and shall haply see
That the sorrow and ills, that with tears and sighs,
We vainly endeavored to flee,
Were angels who, veiled in sorrow's guise,
Came to us only to bless.
Maybe we shall kneel and kiss their feet,
With grateful tears, when we shall meet
Their unveiled faces, pure and sweet,
Their eyes' deep tenderness.
We shall know, perchance, had these angels come
Like mendicants unto a kingly gate
When we sat in pride royal state,
We had barred them from our home.
But when in our doorway one appears
Clothed in the purple of sorrow's power,
We will enter in, no prayers or tears
Avail us in that hour.
So what we call our palms and losses
We may not always count aright.
The rough bars of our heavy crosses
May change to living light.

The latest volume of the International Science Series, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, furnishes a learned exposition of the weather changes, from the pen of Hon. Ralph Abercrombie. The meteorology of Australia, India and the United States is included in these observations, with that of England. The book is not intended as a dry statement of facts, but is meant by the author to sketch the great principles of the weather science and to give a clear picture of the general conclusions to which noted meteorologists have been led.

From the same publishers comes a very impressive study of the "Life of Christ from the Nativity to the Temptation" by Rev. George Dana Boardman. The style is strong and earnest, and carries with it a conviction of the sincerity of the writer. The author has brought to this great work a far more than ordinary gift of ability and earnestness. The book will be widely read. A frontispiece of a copy of Holman Hunt's immortally beautiful picture of "The Young Christ in the Temple" accompanies the volume. A second will carry the work to Calvary and its tragical conclusion.

Another unpretentious volume comes from the Appletons entitled "The Lawyer, the Statesman and the Soldier," in which the author, Hon. George S. Boutwell, taking for his subject the lives of four of America's most noted representative men, has written a series of able and interesting addresses upon Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster, President Lincoln and General Grant. Governor Boutwell's personal acquaintance with each has enabled him to write about these eminent men with intelligence and force. The book will commend itself at the first glance to all who never find the biographies of great men stale or profitless.

A charming little story of French peasant life is "Little Peter," by Lucas Malet, the author of "Colonel Enderby's Wife," etc. No one can read it without enjoyment, older people as well as children. It is full of pathos, and has wonderful strength as well as simplicity. This is also published by the Appletons.

A book which cannot fail to do a great deal of good to those for whom it is intended is Robert Collyer's "Talks to Young Men," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. To say that these essays are full of life will only partly express their simple but striking power. "Sunshine is in them, the singing of birds, the murmurs of brooks, all refined and purifying aspects of the outer world; while from the shadowy realm of one's soul life the author evokes forms of ideal excellence, rouses a noble ambition, stirs the sluggish prayer, and gives to the prodigal thoughts a speedy return to high-class objects." These talks are twelve in number on the following subjects: "The Joy of Youth," "Godlike Temptations," "My New Name," "In the Spirit," "Two Emigrants," "Two Children," "The Primitive Idea of a Good Wife," "Debts," "Sleep," "A Noble Anger," "Charles and Mary Lamb," "The Companionship of Good Books." The title page hints of asides to young women, which are also excellent, and will prove of no small value to young men as well as to those especially addressed. This volume is happily dedicated to the president of the Young Men's Christian Union, in Boston, William H. Baldwin, "with more than twenty years' worth of loving regard."

In the series of "The Story of the Nations," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes "The Story of Ireland," by The Hon. Emily Lawless, with some additions by Mrs. Arthur Bronson. The book is admirably written, and cannot fail to lead to a further study of the great problems which are contained in the past history of this country, a history full of light and shade, the latter approaching to tragic darkness in many places. It cannot fail to be read with interest.

From the Putnams comes also "The Life of George Washington Studied Anew," by Edward Everett Hale, whose name is, in itself, a guarantee of the excellence of the work. That the life of this man, who had so much to do with the early history of this country, should be included in the series of American biography for boys and girls, is apparent, and no better one than this could be placed there. The author has endeavored to make it reveal the true character of Washington as a man, and to do this he has quoted largely from the diaries to which he had free access. The volume will bear reading by the older readers as well as by the young.

Literary Notes.

Mr. Wilkie Collins has written a tale, entitled "The First Officer's Confession."

A third edition of Mr. Palmer Cox's delightful "Brownie" book is now on sale.

Mrs. Oliphant's new book, "The Makers of Venice," will shortly be issued by the MacMillans.

Garibaldi's autobiography will soon appear in a volume of five hundred pages. The manuscript is in his own neat handwriting.

The announcement of a 50,000 edition of the February *Book Buyer* indicates the popularity of this sprightly New York literary monthly.

The volume which will succeed Austin Dobson's biography of Goldsmith in the Great Writers' Series, is a sketch of Scott, by Prof. Yonge.

Mr. A. Bronson Alcott's journal, kept since his boyhood, is a neatly written manuscript in sixty volumes. It will be published after his death.

Danish readers may now enjoy the writings of Edward Eggleston, Fenimore Cooper, Miss Alcott, P. T. Barnum, Henry James, Lew Wallace and D. L. Moody.

The Harper Brothers have published all of Samuel Smiles "Self Help" series in their Franklin Square Library cheap editions. The latest issue is "Thrift."

The Duke of Argyll has a new work on the Irish question almost ready for publication. Its title is "The New British Constitution and Its Master Builders."

A new volume of poems by Jean Richepin is about to make its appearance. It is a continuation of "Les Blasphemes," and will be called "Le Paradis du Diable."

The J. B. Lippincott company has in press "The Merchant of Venice," Variorum edition, edited by Horace Howard Furness, being the sixth work and seventh volume of this edition.

Noah Brooks, editor of the Newark *Daily Advertiser*, has written a "Life of Lincoln" for boys, which will make its appearance shortly from the press of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Ernest Rhys, an English writer, and editor of the Camelot Classics, is coming to this country to lecture. Among the subjects he proposes to discuss are "Walt Whitman in England" and "The New Poetry."

Mrs. Margaret Deland, the author of the book of verses entitled "The Old Garden," is about to publish her first novel. It will be brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. under the title of "John Ward, Preacher."

Among the portraits which the *Book Buyer* will print during the new year are portraits of W. Hamilton Gibson, Edith M. Thomas, Charles Dudley Warner, Andrew Carnegie and J. A. Froude. It is announced that the February number of this admirable guide 50,000 copies will be issued.

A letter from Bredford, England, to one of the London newspapers says that a number of firms in that city which have large dealings with German and other Continental houses, have received formal notice that after a certain date Volapuk will be used by those houses for international correspondence.

A writer in *Notes and Queries* points out that *nom de plume* is of English origin, that *nom de guerre* is used by the French to denote a nickname or an "alias," and that if a Frenchman desired to convey the meaning which we express by the phrase *nom de plume*, he would say *pseudonyme* or *nom litteraire*. So it seems that bad French may be good, necessary English.

The numbers in the following recently completed list of volumes produced by different members of the Trollope family are probably under the mark, rather than over; Mrs. Trollope, Senior, 115; Anthony Trollope, 100; Adolphus Trollope, 50; Mrs. Theodosia Trollope, 10. The number of books turned out by the family is remarkable enough, but what is far more wonderful is that they all seem to have been produced at a profit to their several authors.

WHIMSICAL WHALEBONE.

It Costs More or Less According to Circumstances.

"One of the most changeable articles of commerce is whalebone," declared a dealer in that commodity the other day. "In January it may be worth $2 a pound and in April $5 a pound. Twenty years ago it was worth 75 cents a pound. The price is governed by the catch of whales. If the whaling grounds are ice-bound or the vessel should meet with shipwreck, or the men from any other cause fail to catch whales, the price of whalebone goes up."

"Where does most of the whalebone come from?"

"The North Pacific ocean furnishes the largest supply and it is usually brought to market about November. The North sea catch arrives about June. A small catch is made in Hudson bay and Davis straits. Whales are caught there at all seasons of the year, and the bone coming to New York does not disturb the market. A few years ago the Pacific whalers would sometimes run into a port and exchange some of their cargo for supplies. This would unsettle the market very often. Now the ships go out thoroughly supplied and they do not often run short. The chief ports in this country where the whalebone is marketed are San Francisco and New Bedford.

"Slabs of whalebone, as they are termed, are done up in bundles of about 200 pounds each and are sent to market in this shape. In cutting up whalebone there is a loss of about 20 per cent. in the raw material. The hair is worth 10 cents a pound. It is mixed with horse hair and used for upholstering purposes. It is sometimes used in the manufacture of brushes."—*Mail and Express.*

Bright Bits of Child Talk.

A little girl thus originally and painstakingly spelled in her composition the first month of the year: Jan you-wer-rie.

Teacher (to her class in geography)—Who can tell me what the equator is?

Katie (who has just taken an oblique peep into her book)—Oh, I can! The equator is a belt or griddle going round the earth.

"Johnny, I find three mistakes on the first page of you letter," said a mother to her little son the other day. "You have spelled 'until' with two Ls, 'very' with two r's and left out the word 'brother' in the last line."

"I don't call that three mistakes, mamma, replied the boy, calmly, "I call it two mistakes and one *forget*."

"I know my verse," said a small Sunday-school scholar to his teacher one Sabbath when it came to his turn to recite a verse from the Bible. "It is a bully one, too; I was so afraid some other feller would say it before me."

"Let us hear it, then, James."

At the top of his voice the little boy shouted, "Meany, meany, tickel up his shins." (Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.)—*Harper's Bazar.*

"What are you doing, James?" said a teacher to one of a group of urchins who was lounging by his toes from the fence of a school yard about the time that the rage for calisthenics was permeating our country.

"Only doing ecclesiastics," replied one of his companions, glibly.

Miss Edna, of Detroit, is not yet four years old, though wiser than an owl appears. Her little cousin from England called on her the other day, and prattled on and on deliciously, as full was she of childish news to tell. The little foreigner's English is exceedingly broad, and sounded peculiar to Edna's ears. At last there came a pause in the visitor's prattle.

"Now," said Edna, "go on and tell me more. Only please speak in English; I can't be understanding French all the time."

A Very Common Complaint.

How often do we drag on, day after day, with nought especially to complain of but general debility and perhaps some weakness of the lungs! We do not complain of the latter because we take cold so easily, and any cough we may get seems to stick so closely to us, and we feel an occasional soreness in the chest. The former does not apply to any specific ailment, for we cannot localize our trouble so as to give it a definite name, yet we feel such a general good-for-nothingness, that we call it by the generic name of "general debility." If we are feminine, we feel that this fact explains our misery, and there are so many like ourself we are easily understood. But what would we not give to find relief? A patient living in Boston Highlands, Mass., in a letter of November 6, 1885, says:

"After having used the Compound Oxygen since last March, it is only just to you to send some word to attest its value. I hardly know what I should have done without it. *I commenced taking it for general debility*, caused by female weakness, and also for *my lungs, which are not very strong.* Last winter I was very susceptible to colds, which almost invariably settled upon my lungs, and although under a physician's care at the time, and swallowing a great deal of medicine, I made such slow progress that I decided upon taking the Compound Oxygen. It has been a *manifold value*, my *lungs are stronger*, I do not take cold as easily, and all signs of a cough which I had on commencing it very soon disappeared. I feel stronger in every way."

Write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., and they will mail you free, an interesting treatise on Compound Oxygen—its mode of action and results.

Nasby Turned Out.

Springdale, Pa., Record.

An amusing incident is told of a prominent Springdale Democrat which goes to show how unsophisticated some people are. He, P. D., who, for convenience and not with an attempt at irony or sarcasm, we will name Mr. Blank, was in the habit of dropping in at the corner grocery where the "boys" congregated in the winter evenings to discuss the latest events and read the newspapers that found their way there. A Republican who had a keen sense of humor had been in the habit of reading aloud to the company the letters written by "Nasby," which appeared in one of the papers. One evening after reading one of Nasby's articles which contained some of the keenest satire and sarcasm for which the author was noted, he stopped, and addressing his Democratic friend said: "Well, what do you think of that?" The P. D., who had been listening with the closest attention to the reading of the letter, said, after the manner of one who felt that he was discharging an unpleasant duty: "What do I think of it? Why, I think that man Nasby ought to be turned out of the Democratic party; he is doing us more harm than good." He could not understand the cause of the extravagant and boisterous laughter that greeted his answer.

—In every community there are a number of men whose whole time is not occupied, such as teachers, ministers, farmers' sons, and others. To these citizens especially we would say, if you wish to make several hundred dollars during the next few months, write at once to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do it.

Where Sunset Cox Gets His Wit.

A Washington man claims to have discovered the fountain-head of Sunset Cox's wit. It is said that Mrs. Cox reads every paper, magazine or book for the sole purpose of clipping out the jokes. Every joke, however frail, she clips out, and then she pastes them in a book under appropriate headings. Every bon mot, every witticism, even every pun, however sickly, his indefatigable helpmate arranges in its proper class. Then the genial Sunset reads up his jokes—he does not study them, by no means, for he is too clever, too witty, too original for that; but he reads these pleasantries until he has thoroughly absorbed them—until they have permeated him. And then on the first occasion, when he wants to say a bright, clever thing, he is so thoroughly imbued with all this huge store of fun that the jokes drop from his ready lips like pearls.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

LEAP YEAR HARBINGERS.

Now the bashful young man, who, afraid
The question to pop, has delayed,
Will be heard oft to sigh
When the dear one is nigh,
As a delicate hint to the maid.

An unusual event took place at Montgomery, Ala., the other day. Four brothers were married to four sisters, all in one installment.

Another octogenarian has wedded. He belongs in Woodbridge, N. J. On the following evening the marriage of his great granddaughter took place.

Not all the Georgia parsons are getting rich. One in Upson county, who has married 111 couples, has received in fees just $5, and that came from one man. The other 110 paid nothing.

Marriage between cousins in royal families is the rule rather than the exception, and yet the announcement that Queen Victoria will, in February, attend the wedding of two of her grandchildren will strike most people unfavorably. What royalty indulged in without remark a number of years ago offends the better intelligence of to day.

A number of young people at Atchison, Kan., recently decided to put wedding cake under their pillows at night, and report that they dreamed of the following: 1, of her grandmother; 2, of a snake swallowing a man; 3, of an elephant skipping a rope; 4, of a runaway team; 5, of a railroad accident; 6, of a murderer; 7, of a fight between tom cats.

This is how a Kansas City (Mo.) man got his wife: When in a tobacconist's shop he asked a girl behind the counter, who happened to have red hair, if she would oblige him with a match. "With pleasure, if you will have a red-headed one," she promptly replied, with such a suggestive demure smile that eventually, the red headed match was handed over.

It was at an Irish Police court, and Bralligan was arraigned on a charge of having married no fewer than six times. It was clearly a case of the most heartless bigamy. The Judge eyed the offender and felt curious as to why he should have become so attached to the female sex. "Have you anything to say for yourself," said he, "as to why you did it?" "Well, Your Worship, I was trying to get a good one." But they gave him seven years all the same.

Near Danbury, in North Carolina, stands a log house built by its present occupant 45 years ago. When he first built the fire on the new hearth he vowed it should never go out, and it has not. Meantime the owner has not slept from home a single night; has never tasted food from any table but his own; has never used a candle or other light in his dwelling, yet has married three times, been the father of fourteen children, and become a great grandfather.

A singular marriage was solemnized at Sedalia, Mo., December 28, by Justice A. D. Fisher, the contracting parties being Chas. W. Hornbeck and Anna V. Tolhurst. The couple applied to County Recorder Laudmann for a license, and at the same time the prospective groom informed the official that he and the lady were married in the state of New York some time ago, but they were not satisfied that the marital relations were exactly what they should be, and for this reason were determined to be remarried.

SHE SHOULD CERTAINLY NOT.

A Practice Which Every Young Lady Should Strenuously Frown Upon.

The enduring interest which attaches to the problem here propounded demands that it should be discussed with all seriousness. A young woman who sends her name and address, but who, upon this occasion, wishes to be known as "Stella," asks this question:

Is it proper for a young lady to sit on the lap of a young man to whom she is engaged?

Of course we will assume that no one else is present. Public exhibitions of admiration on the part of young persons, whose hearts are known to have been interchanged, should be restricted within very narrow limits. The eyes may meet, the hands may touch, but the lips—never. Opinions are divided on the question whether, within the hearing of but partially sympathetic ears, they should ever frame audibly the Christian name of another party to the interesting combination; but that is not the theme of the moment, and there is no need of discussing it now. We are fully aware also that one school of romantic thinkers will maintain that what is not good taste before the eyes of the world should be forbidden under all circumstances. But we say simply that such is not our opinion. If this budding state of matrimony were to be oppressed by the same law of decorum which cold etiquette prescribes for the colorless relations of commonplace friendship, we fear that the mature conjugal blossom would appear with comparatively few charms. Were no more serious proofs of reconciliation necessary than are permitted to engaged lovers than are employed by mere friends, the first clash of discordant ideas would often cause the tender flower of love to droop beyond the power of ordinary protestations of devotion to revive. Our remarks are therefore directed toward those who are free to act upon this subject, and we address them with confidence that theirs is the popular view.

Turning then to the main question, we say frankly to "Stella" and to all the fair constituents of the endless and happy procession which will follow her example in days to come that as a rule the practice she refers to should be strenuously frowned upon as indefensible. Treat the impulsive and forgetful suppliant with mercy and forgiveness; but rather than wander so far from the principles of a reserved and faultless sprinterhood, we should advise our correspondent, and all others like her, even to reject the enticing prospect of altering her state, and to continue, like the imperial votaress of the unbending Diana,

In maiden meditation, fancy free.

GIRLS WHO WORK.

They Stand a Good Chance of Getting Married Well.

New York Sun.

In many stores in Lower Broadway, Nassau street, and the streets that cross them, are young lady cashiers whose wages permit them to pay $100 a year for commutation tickets to country towns, where they live with a degree of comfort not obtainable for the same money in the city. They are a prepossessing lots of girls, well-dressed, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, and plump, who are a great deal more like rural than city women in their habits and methods of speech. They know much more about tobogganing, skating, straw rides, home comings, donation parties, surprise parties and class meetings than about the theaters, or the sights and shows of the town.

A great many are courted and wedded in the country and there settle down for life, but a student of this new element in business which is putting young girls side by side with, and even above men in the stores and offices, has found that marriages between them and the men they work with are growing more and more frequent. Indeed, he says that a less proportion of them grow into old maids than of factory girls or girls who don't work for a living. The men in charge of the large shops and such establishments as the telegraph operating rooms declare that the girls pick out the smartest of the men around them for their husbands, and do not, as is so often the case with women who stay at home, marry the empty heaps, drones, drunkards, or "bad eggs." These same authorities declare that in all other matters these well-paid and skilled girls are less sentimental and more practical than their more fortunate, stay-at-home sisters. At the same time those who have a taste for sewing make and mend their own apparel, and those who like household work and cooking practice it at night and on Sundays and whenever a chance is afforded them.

What a picture all this presents! Here are thousands of young women employed at nice work, with good pay, living in the country at least half the day, forced to be neat and as pretty as possible while at their work, liable to marry early and well, growing practical and wise, and yet remaining as womanly as their mothers. Fortunate New York, to have such a host of well nigh perfect girls.

Ringing Noises

In the ears, sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also result from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood. If you suffer from catarrh, try Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine

A Cheap Place to Live.

Greater progress has been made in agriculture, spice and fruit raising in the Island of Ceylon during the past few years than in any period since it has been under the control of the English. It is said to be the cheapest place in the world to live in. Unhulled rice sells in some districts for 10 cents a bushel, and fruit commands only a nominal price.

We pay men a good salary or commission to represent us. S. A. McOmber & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

"A FRIEND OF MINE."

The Law Which Encircles the Whole Globe.

Travelers who have gone "far countries for to see" say they find human nature pretty much the same all the world over. They find wide variance in color of skin, in physical contour, in mental characteristics, but in the essential elements that control social conduct, the human family is a brotherhood.

The law, unwritten, found in no statute book, enforced by no court decrees, but having an influence circumscribed only by the limits of earthly space, is the law of kindness.

Among peoples whose cruelty to human kind is almost a fixed habit, who are relentless foes, and as friends scarcely less to be dreaded, whose savage natures revel in fiendish atrocities, there yet lingers the spark of divinity which lifts man above the beasts.

Sorrow melts the human heart wherever found, and sympathy mingles its tears with grief all the world over. Where pity does not dwell there lives no thing of human kind. It is "the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

What a terrible world this would be to live in were it not for the sympathy and loving kindness shown us when sorrow comes, for it is decreed that in all lives "some days must be dark and dreary."

The 10,000 and more voluntary testimonials the proprietors of Warner's safe cure have received in regard to the efficacy of that remedy, reveal "this touch of nature" in a peculiar manner. The great majority of them acknowledge that it was through some kind friend who, in pity for their suffering, had made known to them the wonderful merits of this great remedy.

The testimonial of Capt. Geo. B. Wiltbank of Philadelphia, is a fair sample. He was put ashore from his ship to die of a fever resulting from kidney and liver trouble, and as physicians could not help him, there seemed no hope for him. But he says, "A friend of mine, who happened into port, came to see me, and urged me to begin the use of Warner's safe cure." He began to use it as his friend advised, and was cured in a very short time.

How many men there are to-day in the world, rounding out lives of usefulness, making the world happier and better, who would have long since passed to the other shore, had it not been for the loving kindness of friends, shown in this practical way, as these testimonials from all quarters of the globe afford ample evidence.

THE FIFTIETH CONGRESS.

Some Notes About the Men Who Are to Legislate for the Nation this Year.

Foreigners who have exaggerated ideas of the primitiveness and wildness of American life, will no doubt be surprised to learn that 154 members of the House of Representatives received some sort of college education. Three members and one delegate—Dubois, of Idaho—are graduates of Yale; thirteen of them claim Harvard as their alma mater, some of them, to be sure, only attending the law school; two are Amherst men, three graduated from Princeton, five from the university of Virginia, one from Annapolis, and one from West Point. Of the 171 members who attended no college, 91 received an academic education and 59 never got beyond the public schools. Quite a number remain, it will be seen, who have nothing at all as to the education they received, while a couple claim never to have had any education except what they picked up here and there as they fought their way through the world. Among these are Finley, of Kentucky; Lawlor, of Chicago, and Mickam, of Louisiana. The latter named is now a millionaire cattle king. Three more member who graduated from Oxford university, England, Lloyd S. Bryce, the young and wealthy man from the Seventh New York district. A couple of other members studied in Germany and elsewhere abroad.

It is probable that no other Congress ever contained such a number as the present one. In the House, no less than 210 members have been admitted to the bar, and a large majority of these are actively engaged in the practice of their profession when not in Washington. Indeed, it may be remarked, *en passant*, that many of them are more able to forward the interests of their clients when in Congress than when in private life, particularly when these clients are great railroad or manufacturing corporations. Eighty six of the lawyers in the House came from southern states, the remaining one hundred and twenty-four from the other sections of the country. There are only twenty-one members who claim to be farmers and planters. The number of newspaper men is remarkable, being no less than sixty-six. Some of them do not make newspaper work the business of their life, but follow it in connection with other pursuits. The best known of them all is Amos Cummings, who says of himself in the biographical sketch, that he "entered a printing office when 12 years of age and has set type in nearly every state in the Union." Merriman, also of New York, is another newspaper man. Robert J. Vance, of the First Connecticut district, says he is "an editor by profession," and Mr. Russell, of the Third district, is also said to have had some newspaper experience. Joseph B. Cheadle, of the Ninth Indiana district; Benjamin F. Shivey, the youngest member of the House, having been born in 1857, of the Thirteenth district of Indiana; J. H. Weaver, of Iowa; Dingley, of Maine, James O'Donnell, of the Third Michigan district, who was born in Norwalk; John Nicholas, of the Fourth North Carolina district; J. D. Taylor, of Ohio; John A. Hiestand and Edward Scull, of Pennsylvania, and Jacob Post, of Virginia, have also had experience in newspaper offices.

Sixty members were in the Confederate army and 79 in the Federal army during the late war. Charles Tracey, of Albany, N. Y., was for three years in the Papal Zouaves at Rome. Thirteen of the nineteen members of the Ohio delegation were in the Union army.

A BLIND MAN'S INGENUITY.

How He Tells the Time by Means of an Ordinary Stem-winding Watch.

"Will you please set my watch right and tell me what the time is now; it has run down?"

The speaker was blind and he handed a handsome gold stem-winder to his friend. The friend put the watch right, told the time and then handed it back to his blind friend, saying, "Of what use is a watch to you. How can you tell the time?"

"You have just set the watch at a quarter to two," said the blind man, "and now it is fully wound up. If I wish to know what the time is, in the evening I shall rewind the watch and count each of the clicks as I turn the key. There are 45 clicks, for example. Now I have found that nine clicks correspond to 100 minutes, so that if there are 45 clicks it will mean that eight hours and twenty minutes have elapsed since the time the watch was set, making the time five minutes past 10 o'clock. I always remember what the time was when I wound it up last, and so by a little care and calculation can always come very near what the time is."—*N. Y. Mail.*

In a casket coralline
Pearls of Orient should recline,
Ruby tinted portals part,
Nature, beautified by art.
Dental gems snow-white displays,
SOZODONT deserves the praise.

Another Striking Combination.

EDITOR BLADE:—You conclude an article in the BLADE of December 29, headed "Lincoln-Hamlin Combination," by asking the question, "Can you find two other names of two other men whose official lives and whose names combine as these do?" We answer:

SHIER MAN
MAN DERSON.

These read up and down and then across, same as

HAM LIN.
LIN COLN.

Now again, JOHN SHERMAN-DERSON have been associated together in the Senate; for ought we know they may be chums when the national ticket, and if so, it is more than probable that in the future they will occupy together the position once so honorably filled by their illustrious predecessors, ABRA-HAMLIN-COLN.

Gratiot, Wis. ALFRED COOK.

No person on earth should suffer Throat Trouble, Catarrh or Cutaneous Woes. Try Dr. Boyle's Battery cures. Write for testimonials. Dr. Burnham, Buffalo, N. Y.

Loved Her More.

Wife (pleadingly)—"I am afraid, George, you do not love me as well as you used to do."

Husband—"Why?"

Wife—"Because you always let me get up to light the fire."

Husband—"Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love all the more."—*Boston Courier.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

STRONG, terse, epigramatic writing is so uncommon that it lives when all other productions die out. This is one of the striking features of Shakespeare's plays, which because of it, can never die out of favor. The following taken hap-hazard by a recent reader of Anna Dickinson's grand play "Aurelian," possesses the same characteristics:

"He rules best who serves best."

"Philosophers? They are men who talk with the wisdom of owls and act with the folly of geese."

"He dies in good season who dies at high noon."

"Likenesses of men there be by millions here and there a man," says *Zenobia*.

"An assassin's oath is not to be trusted."

"One might earn much sorrow for little sin."

"Gold is a good plaster for bad bruises."

"A man's owl of to-day becomes his nightingale of to-morrow."

Zarah, the kind-hearted Jewess, says: "They are all alike—Jew and Gentile, emperor and slave; they will break fifty laws for one woman when the blood's aflame."

"Fate apportions her gifts. To be a destroyer and a builder is not marked for one man."

HUMAN nature is ever prone to inconsistency and dissatisfaction. When it is hot we sigh for the breeze from the North Pole, and when it is cold we as ardently for the breath of the tropical regions. When people are hovering around the "black hole in the floor," or toasting their toes in front of a blazing fire trying in vain to keep down the "goose flesh," while the thermometer registers from ten to twenty degrees below zero outside, they are apt to think longingly of last summer's balmy zephyrs and sweet scented blossoms, forgetting all about its scorching heat and the days of wearing a cabbage leaf in the hat to prevent sunstroke. Then when people are panting for breath, consumed by prickly heat and sleeping on house tops and in cellars, it seems as if a good stiff breeze directly from the polar regions is the one thing most to be desired in this life. Some way the present time is never exactly satisfactory. In fact, in what ever way the seasons are reversed, the one we have not is always to be sighed for.

THE dwellers in temperate climates are never prepared for hot weather and it always takes them by surprise. There are so many more months of comparatively cold temperature that the few weeks of almost melting heat slips the memory and take one unawares when they come upon us. In the tropical climates, where people make a business of keeping cool and do not attempt anything else, the heat does not affect them in the same degree as those whose houses are built more to withstand the winter's blasts than to entice the longed-for cooling breezes where the sun's rays have no mercy. In summer the ice man who brings the most of coolness and comfort that can be found, is exceedingly popular, but when the sun creeps towards the south the joyfulness of his approach vanishes, and he is only welcome to the tobogganer and skater. After all, it is better to "take the goods the gods provide," accept the summer heat quietly and keep as cool as possible, and then, in the winter, make use of the accumulated energies, resulting from the summer's luxuriant idleness, in stirring the fires—where there is no natural gas—keeping the blood in circulation, and performing with renewed vigor, the tasks belonging to each individual life.

FEW people in this enlightened day and generation will confess to being at all superstitious, and yet nearly everyone has some fancy or idea that has come down to her through the years and ready to flash into remembrance with any trifling circumstance which may bring it before the mind's eye. It hardly seems possible that any small occurrence coming into everyday life could have any connection with fate, but what a common thing it is, when a pin is found lying upon the floor or sidewalk, to stoop and pick it up while the old saw runs through the mind "see a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck," etc No one intends to let so small a thing have such influence and yet there is some power aside from a feeling of thrift that impels them to secure the pin and tuck it away in a safe place. If a garment is put on wrong-side out it is generally allowed to remain in that condition if possible, for the old idea is always hovering around that if the garment is changed it will bring bad luck. Every one wants to see the new moon over the right shoulder and at the same time have money in the pocket else the charm will be broken, and as for entering the first glimpse of it through the trees, nothing could be more unfortunate.

IT is an easy matter to go on with many other signs and omens that govern more or less strongly every day life. Thirteen at table is universally acknowledged to be unlucky, and few fresh persons will sit down with that number and eat their dinner as composedly as though they were not tempting fate, but the majority of mankind, though "not at all superstitious," would prefer to have another guest invited, or else let some one drop out, while as horses always trust to prevent such a contingency by counting noses before laying the table. Friday is a bad day upon which to start upon a journey or attempt any new enterprise, and the housewife is always sure company is coming when a fork or spoon is dropped on the floor, while the turning for something that has been forgotten, after starting out of the house, involves the sitting down before going out again, or else some misfortune is sure to occur to the forgetful one while absent. These are only a few of the most common sayings and ideas everyone has at their tongues' end, and yet no one will confess to being superstitious in the least, while half unconsciously they believe in every one of these old signs floating in the air, and will, every time one of them arises, employ the antidote to "break the charm and remove the curse."

How much valuable time and strength are wasted in shopping—by which word is here meant the tiresome wandering from store to store, in the hope of procuring desired articles a few cents cheaper than they could be purchased at the place where the first inquiries were made. Women are fond of bargains, and will often spend more in street car fare in the mad search for them than is saved in the purchase. As a general thing bargains are poor investments. The goods are either shop-worn and the merchants use all means to get rid of them at any price, or else are shoddy that after the veneer of newness has worn off they are worthless and reveal themselves in their true colors—traps for bargain seekers.

Shopping, at the best, is most tiresome. The eye becomes weary with constant looking at the confusing combination of colors and silks, satins and the countless array of articles found in the large shops of the day, while body and brain are so exhausted that it is no uncommon thing to hear some worn-out woman exclaim, "I am too tired to live." Taking all this into consideration it would seem a far more sensible thing to confine one's attention and purse to one or two reliable firms, than to waste hours in rushing about from place to place bargain hunting.

PEOPLE in small towns often get into the habit of sending to their city friends to make purchases for them—gloves, hosiery, dress goods, anything that may be required are sent for with the utmost coolness and without a thought of the trouble and worry forced upon their friends. One may be assured the choice they make will be perfectly satisfactory to the person for whom the purchases are intended, and yet the unfortunate shopper will so haunted by the fear that they may not choose the proper article, that life becomes a burden so long as the commission is not disposed of. In these days of progress when all the large establishments issue catalogues and samples, and information of any sort may be had for the asking, shopping from a distance becomes such an easy matter that it is almost an imposition to trouble one's friends. Shopping is a necessary evil, and at certain seasons of the year it must be done, but it always should be accomplished with as little expenditure of strength as is possible, and with the best results so far as the pocket book is concerned.

Why Laura Lost Her Beau.

Laura once had an affluent beau,
Who called twice a fortnight, or so,
Now she sits, Sunday eve,
All lonely to grieve,
Oh, where is her recent beau,
And why did he leave Laura so?

Why, for sin, after the unappreciated soldier returned from the terrible conflict and passed a few years in terrible pain, forgot-

RARE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Good men and women wanted to take orders for ENLARGED PORTRAITS. Write at once for terms. You can make it pay right at home; or send 7 cents in stamps, to pay postage, and we will send you, FREE, for examination, an 8x10 sample of our NONPARIEL PORTRAIT, providing you agree to return it in case you do not take the agency for our work. Address

W. E. McCHRISTIE,
Nonpariel Photo-Copying Co.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.)

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

Burning Vacant Houses—The Milledgeville Arsenal—Foraging On the Country.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—If you will again permit me I will relate a few incidents which I trust will be of interest to the many readers of the BLADE. It was about November 14, 1864, that our cavalry, which formed a part of Sherman's army, and which were encamped near Marietta, Ga., received orders to prepare for the march to the sea, and accordingly we began our preparations with a will that soon decided that we were in readiness, but, before leaving camp, we concluded to have a little fun, as an introduction to our long and toilsome march, and as there were a number of vacant houses left at our disposal, the boys were struck with the idea of making a big blaze for their own satisfaction, and to have a big time generally. So we were busily engaged for a time applying the torch to everything that would burn in that portion of the town, which was unfinished, including wells, which were filled with old barrels, boxes, and everything that would burn, and the bright light of burning houses and the numerous fires along the line of railroad were sufficient to prove that we meant business. Our cavalry force consisted of about 5,000 men, under the command of Gen. Kilpatrick. On the morning of November 14, we commenced our march, and reached Atlanta late in the evening and went into camp for the night, and on the following morning we again took up our line of march, and after seven or eight days of rapid marching and occasional skirmishing with the enemy, we finally reached Milledgeville, the capital of the state; and as we were tired and hungry, we permitted to refresh ourselves for a time, and get something to eat. We then set fire to the state arsenal building, which caused a terrific explosion, resulting also in the destruction of the capital building. Our next move was to have released the prisoners confined at Millen, but having learned that the prisoners had already been removed from there a few days previous, the programme was changed. Our march was continued southward, and after several days of hard marching and skirmishing, which was supervised by Gen. Sherman and Gen. Kilpatrick (two of the ablest generals of the Union army), we finally reached the city of Savannah which was occupied by the rebel Gen. Hardee, who was soon driven from the city across the Savannah river into South Carolina. We were then ordered to remain in camp a few days, until a pontoon bridge could be constructed across the river near Sisters ferry, which was finally accomplished in due time, after carefully guarding against and removing a number of torpedoes, which the enemy had placed in our road. But I must give our readers a brief description of the manner and way in which we supplied ourselves with forage and provisions during our march through the heart of the confederacy, for we were too far from our base of supplies (most of the time) to have received timely assistance from our commissariat department, and for this reason we were obliged to subsist off the country or starve, so we chose the former, which meant that we, like John C. Fremont, were all path-finders, and these pathes generally terminated in some sweet potato patch, corn crib or smoke-house. So you can guess, that under such circumstances, a hungry soldier would naturally help himself to such provisions as the country could afford, by filling his haversack, canteen and bread basket to the top notch, and then after supplying and almost overloading our horses with forage, (when it could be found) we were ready to renew our march, or return to camp, as the

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Fifty-Four Forty, or Fight.

J. M., Albrieano, Kan.: Will the BLADE tell how the expression "fifty-four forty, or fight!" originated and what it was?

A generation has come upon and passed off the political and social stage of action since the perplexing question of the Oregon territorial boundary was permanently settled, and the public mind relieved of what had been long a bone of mischievous contention in this country and England. Not, however, before it was made a distinct Presidential issue between the two leading political parties of the United States and did it assume such a shape as to promise a speedy solution. As there were numerous exciting and novel features of a personal as well as a political character mixed up in the agitation, and became prominent as a part of its history, and as in the lapse of time many of these have been forgotten by the survivors of that conflict, and never read of by many who have since come upon the stage of action. The bureau will answer it more fully than would otherwise warrant. The Democratic National convention which met at Baltimore on the 28th day of May, 1844, on the third and last day of its session and on the ninth ballot nominated James K. Polk, of Tennessee, as their candidate for President of the United States. At the same time Silas Wright of New York, was chosen for Vice-President, but he in a few hours emphatically declined, and George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, was substituted in his place. It may parenthetically here be proper to added that the Whig National convention, which had met in the same city on the first day of the same month, had nominated by acclamation Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, respectively, for the same offices. It was this Democratic National Convention that made the Oregon boundary not only a national but an international question by adopting the resolution as the most conspicuous plank in its platform of principles and policy: "*Resolved*, That our title to the whole of Oregon is clear and unquestionable; that no portion of the same ought to be ceded to England or any other power; and that the reoccupation of Oregon and the reannexation of Texas at the earliest practicable period are great American measures which this convention recommends to the cordial support of the Democracy of the Union." On this, as one of the distinct planks of the party platform, the national Democracy elected Mr. Polk President, giving him a popular vote of 1,337,243, and 170 of the 275 votes in the Electoral college. He was not, however, a majority President. Mr. Clay's popular vote of 1,299,068, and that of Birney, Abolitionist, of 72,300 combined, showing him to be in a minority of 24,125. When Mr. Polk took the oath of office, on Tuesday, the 4th of March, 1845, although he was previously on record as an unflinching friend to the avowed policy of his party on the Oregon question, having maintained that position as early as 1828, when he delivered a set speech in the House of Representatives, in which he boldly and unqualifiedly defined the northern boundary of our territorial rights at 54 deg. 40 min.; and also having, in a letter to the Cincinnati committee replied that he was "for the whole and against the surrender of an inch south of that line," yet there were grave doubts entertained among the Oregon men, in and outside of Congress, and by not a few openly expressed verbally and in print, that when the crisis was reached he would falter and "back down." The great body, however, of the Oregon men did not entertain these seemingly unjust suspicions, fortified, as they were, by the bold utterances of the President in his first message to Congress, in December This was a key note and from then the expression "fifty-four forty, or fight" which meant if England and not any nonentity in the American boundry of 54 deg., 40 min., America would fight. But Polk, regardless of his declaration, gave his support to a concession, although secretly and privately it soon became apparent that Polk had surrendered to John Bull. It was no longer doubted that the Administration had, or was about to, recede from the pledged position, and that the President had let down, "backed out," and that a treaty was even then pending before that body in secret session which, if ratified, would ignominiously abandon the so often declared ineliminable right to the whole of Oregon, and would relinquish to the British Power all of it north 49°, or nearly one-half of the American claim. The belief in the truth of these speculations became almost a conviction when Senator Hayward, of North Carolina, was arrogated to himself to be the mouth-piece of the President and his policy, addressed the Senate in open session and in his elaborate speech announced a compromise line of 49°, and intimated that it was the attitude of the Executive and his Cabinet ministers. A day or two afterward Senators Allen, of Ohio, and Hannegan, of Indiana, addressed the Senate, in which each of them, as the survivors of that conflict, and never read of by many who have since come upon the stage of action. The bureau will answer it more fully than would otherwise warrant. The Democratic National convention which met at Baltimore on the 28th day of May, 1844, on the third and last day of its session and on the ninth ballot nominated James K. Polk, of Tennessee, as their candidate for President of the United States. At the same time Silas Wright of New York, was chosen for Vice-President, but he in a few hours emphatically declined, and George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, was substituted in his place. It may parenthetically here be proper to added that the Whig National convention, which had met in the same city on the first day of the same month, had nominated by acclamation Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, respectively, for the same offices. It was this Democratic National Convention that made the Oregon boundary not only a national but an international question by adopting the resolution as the most conspicuous plank in its platform of principles and policy: "*Resolved*, That our title to the whole of Oregon is clear and unquestionable; that no portion of the same ought to be ceded to England or any other power; and that the reoccupation of Oregon and the reannexation of Texas at the earliest practicable period are great American measures which this convention recommends to the cordial support of the Democracy of the Union." On this, as one of the distinct planks of the party platform, the national Democracy elected Mr. Polk President, giving him a popular vote of 1,337,243, and 170 of the 275 votes in the Electoral college. He was not, however, a majority President. Mr. Clay's popular vote of 1,299,068, and that of Birney, Abolitionist, of 72,300 combined, showing him to be in a minority of 24,125. 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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1888.

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THE BLADE FOR 1888.

Has it occurred to you, reader, that the Presidential campaign for 1888 will be even more hotly contested than that of 1884? And has it also occurred to you that you need to read a first-class newspaper, during this intensely exciting and interesting political battle, which will cover the summer and fall of 1888?

If these things have not occurred to you, we beg to call your attention to them—and also to the fact that the renewal season for subscriptions is at hand. In view of the coming Presidential campaign, all the present subscribers of the BLADE should renew, and every one who does not take it, should come in at this time and get it for the year.

We are glad to announce, as a special feature of the BLADE for the great campaign year, that the NASBY LETTERS will be a leading feature during its continuance. "Mr. Nasby" has been very quiet for some time, but he sees the postoffice at the X Roads trembling in the balance, and he is preparing to do his best to win the day!

Every body will want the series of Nasby letters for the coming campaign. Subscribe for the BLADE, and get them in full!

Not only will these letters be a conspicuous feature of the BLADE, but the regular departments will be improved and bettered. The "Household," the "Young Folks," the "Camp Fire," the "Farm," and "Question Bureau" will each be made the best of its kind; and the BLADE shall still be more worthy of the title of "The only *perfect* newspaper in America."

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

PROGRESS OF PROHIBITION ON THE LOCAL OPTION PLAN.

The readers of the BLADE are well aware that we favor the local option method of working for Prohibition. We recognize the fact that the struggle to pulverize the Rum Power of the Union will be a long and a bitter fight, and that the one great thing to do is to bring the vast mass of the people who are still neutral upon the liquor question to the support of Prohibition. It is absurd to say that all who are not decisively in favor of Prohibition are therefore the subjects of the Rum Power—as absurd, in fact, as to say that there are no Prohibitionists save those who vote the third-party ticket. Prohibition is a success in any community which has adopted it when the majority of the voters are convinced of its value. It is a partial failure in communities where this is not so. Hence local option is a method which enables these municipalities or counties where the majority favors Prohibition to at once enjoy immunity from the curse of the saloon, irrespective of the other less advanced portions of the commonwealth.

Prohibition is making rapid progress under local option methods in various states. The third-party Prohibition leaders are opposed to it, as it affords them no chance at political preferment; but the voters of that party, sincere in their efforts to reach Prohibition, vote for it along with the non-partisan supporters of Prohibition. It is heartily endorsed by every Prohibitionist whose first aim is Prohibition, while it has the tacit opposition, at least, of those who use Prohibition as a means to build up a needless political party. We favor it as a means to an end;—that end constitutional Prohibition. We believe it is a missionary movement. Every county, or every township, or every municipality, which adopts Prohibition is a proof that the arguments of the Rum Power against Prohibition are false, and the practical workings of the law vindicate its wisdom in the minds of the masses who are as yet unconvinced upon the matter. It is certain that eventually constitutional Prohibition will be the rule in all states in which local option is now at work, like the leaven hid in the meal, leaving the lump.

We wish to call attention to-day to the great progress Prohibition has made in two states—Michigan and Missouri—during the past year, on local option lines. It will be remembered that the question of a constitutional Prohibitory amendment was submitted to the people of Michigan last spring, and defeated (on the face of the returns) by a very small majority. The Republican legislature thereupon passed a county local option law, under which the counties began voting on Prohibition within their borders. The first county to vote was Van Buren, on December 1, and ten counties held elections during that month. We are indebted to the Detroit *Tribune* for the following table, giving the votes on both the amendment in the spring and on Prohibition under the local option law in December:

County.	Spring. For.	Spring. Ag'nst.	December. For.	December. Ag'nst.
Van Buren	5,111	1,549	3,697	803
Leelanaw	562	601	475	422
Antrim	1,004	634	847	337
G'd Traverse	1,355	815	1,120	573
Benzie	693	213	516	69
Isabella	2,175	840	1,414	401
Branch	4,384	1,991	3,692	1,120
Hillsdale	5,260	1,873	4,231	1,179
Barry	3,090	1,933	2,765	980
St. Joseph	3,321	2,159	2,805	1,859
Total	27,001	12,334	21,672	7,793
Majority	14,667		13,879	

The falling off in the total vote in these ten counties was 9,870—or, in other words, the local option vote was about 75 per cent. of the amendment vote. It is also a fact worthy of note that the Rum Power made but little effort at the December election, save in Leelanaw and St. Joseph counties. This bears out what we have before urged, that the saloon interest can not hope to influence elections except through the purchase of the votes of the debased and ignorant; hence its great hold is in the cities. The only way in which Michigan was carried against the amendment last spring was by frauds of this character in Detroit and the other cities of the state. In the villages and rural districts such frauds are dangerous to attempt. It may be interesting to our readers to reproduce the vote in the townships and cities of these ten counties, for which figures we are also indebted to the Detroit *Tribune:*

Counties.	Cities and Townships. For.	Against.
Van Buren	18	..
Leelanlaw	5	5
Antrim	13	2
Grand Traverse	13	..
Benzie	10	2
Isabella	14	2
Branch	17	..
Hillsdale	19	..
Barry	15	1
St. Joseph	13	3
Total	137	15

The townships of Empire, Leelanaw county, and of Orangeville, Barry county, were tied. The township of Lake, Benzie county, voted unanimously against prohibition, and Echo, in Antrim county, and Gilmore, in Isabella county, voted unanimously the other way.

In the counties mentioned three cities were included. In Hillsdale three wards voted for Prohibition and one against, the totals being 459 for and 314 against. In Coldwater every ward voted for Prohibition, with a total of 634 for and 373 against. In Hastings one ward voted Prohibition and three against, the total vote of the city being 222 for and 236 against.

The argument upon which the Rum Power relied in the struggle last spring was that Prohibition was a detriment to the business of the cities and towns, and the state was literally flooded with literature which assumed to prove this. No doubt it was believed by many. The above ten counties which have adopted Prohibition afford an opportunity to test his matter, and also to disprove again the time-worn lie that "Prohibition don't prohibit." The majority in every county but one is largely in favor of Prohibition, and the prosecuting officers are as a rule friendly to the law. Where they are not, they will undoubtedly be replaced by those who are. We believe the advantages of Prohibition over the free saloon will be so marked that the state will rapidly reach the point of constitutional Prohibition.

A review of the work accomplished in Missouri since last June for Prohibition under local option is no less instructive than the above synopsis of that in Michigan. Missouri has a liquor system, and the vote under the local option law, is for and against license. Where the majority is against license, Prohibition follows, as a matter of course; no saloons can be established, for they can get no license. Since the date above mentioned, elections have been held in 16 cities and 62 counties under the Wood local option law. Of these 78 elections, 50 were carried "against license," and consequently in favor of Prohibition, while but 27 gave majorities in favor of license. The whole number of votes polled in these elections were 153,180, or 54,177 less than were polled in the same cities and counties at the general elections of 1876; and of this aggregate of 153,180 votes, 78,137 were against the sale of liquor, and 72,807 in favor of it, showing a majority of 5,510 on the anti-saloon side of the question.

The newspapers of the state admit that there is a growing temperance sentiment in Missouri, and not of a partisan character. It is a movement among the intelligent, thinking and God-fearing element of the population, convinced of the measureless evils of the Rum traffic, and determined to deliver the state from them. Speaking of the political Prohibition party, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says that "the gains for temperance in the state have been made, not by that organization, but in spite of it, rather, and in direct condemnation of its methods and appliances."

We think the tree should be known by its fruits. Local option is a success wherever it has been tried. It places the question directly in the hands of the people of a city or county upon its merits as a moral issue, unembarrassed by political considerations. Where such an election decrees the closing of the saloons, the verdict can be enforced, because public opinion supports it, and will not permit it to be evaded. Republicans and Democrats alike can vote for or against liquor-selling where the matter directly concerns them and their interests, and yet not forego their right to retain and promote their respective views upon general political questions. Local option is a feasible method of building up public sentiment in favor of Prohibition, and, judging of it by its fruits, it commends itself to all who desire to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

TO AGENTS.

We shall pay an unusually large cash commission to agents who raise clubs for the BLADE this season. In view of the approaching Presidential campaign, agents will find it an easy matter to obtain a considerable number of clubs for the BLADE during the season, and upon the liberal terms we offer, an agency for the BLADE will be worth having. We want *one* active agent at every postoffice. Write us for our *confidential terms to agents.*

THE attention of the farmers of the country is called to the history of wool-growing in California. It began in 1854, when the yield in the state was 175,000 pounds. A steady increase followed every year, except in the year of the great drought, up to 1883, when the total clip reached 40,848,690 pounds. Thereafter the effect of the reduction of the tariff becomes distinctly visible. In 1884 the clip fell off 37,415,330 pounds, and has since been diminishing, with a temporary increase in 1886. Should the free trade programme be carried out, California wool-growers will become a thing of the past, and the business be transferred to Australia.

HERE are some instructive editorial comments on CLEVELAND'S message from the London newspapers:

The President's terse and telling message has struck a blow at American protection such as never could have been struck by any Free Trade League.—*London Spectator.*

The President declines cautiously to dub himself a free trader; but he takes up a free trade position without disguise. He and the leaders of the Democratic party have taken up again the old free trade policy of the South Carolina politicians.—*London Review.*

The President does not seem to perceive the effect of his own arguments, or even the meaning of his own words. His statement that the question of free trade is irrelevant is astounding and preposterous.—*London Daily News.*

OUR Democratic friends at the South are by no means united in support of CLEVELAND'S free trade position. Note the following from the Chattanooga *Times*, Democratic:

There is no lack of protection sentiment in the South. Read Senator Brown's speech for positive proof.

The Atlanta *Constitution*, probably the most influential Democratic paper in the South, is strongly in favor of abolishing the entire internal revenue system in order to reduce the surplus. It shouts:

That infernal internal revenue system must go.

The Senate of the United States has adopted Mr. CHANDLER'S resolution for a senatorial investigation of "the suppression of the votes of the colored citizens of Jackson, Miss., at the recent municipal election in that city, and of the alleged participation in such suppression by the United States district attorney and by a deputy collector of internal revenue and a deputy United States marshal." This is a good thing to do. Let the people know the facts in the case.

IT looks as though the Great Powers propose to unite to oust Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria. That plucky Prince, however, has clear grit, and don't propose to go without a fight, even if he has to oppose all of Europe's leading nations.

THE JACKSON ELECTION.

The action of the "young white men" of Jackson, Mississippi, in issuing a proclamation warning the negroes that they should not vote at the municipal election in that city on January 2, and by that means carrying the city for the Democratic ticket, has excited a great deal of comment. We reproduce an editorial article from the Vicksburg *Post*, to which we call the special attention of those of our readers who may think there is nothing in the charge of the suppression of a fair vote and an honest count in the South:

We copy from the Natchez *Democrat* an article deprecating the conduct of the white voters at the recent municipal election in Jackson. We think the open, bold course of the Jackson Democrats is much to be preferred to a pretense of holding a fair election, and stuffing and manipulating the ballot boxes to produce a result contrary to the will of the majority of the voters.

But would it not be better to legally disfranchise the negroes, if they are to be disfranchised at all? The suffrage question is in the hands of the state; qualifications could be established, which, without discriminating against the blacks, would practically eliminate the mass of them from the polls, and then we would have a good condition of politics. Then the South could run a Southern man for President, if our people wished to; then there would be no objections raised to a Southern man being placed on the Supreme bench; and then pistol-totes, ballot-box stuffers and tin-horn gamblers would not be forced as political leaders.

In our opinion, the last election in Jackson was practically as fair as the last Presidential election in this state, but the *Democrat* has never criticised that election, that we are aware of.

We are glad to see that there is one Southern paper which recognizes the grave danger of familiarizing the people with a reckless disregard of law. If the rights of voters can be trampled on with impunity, and the people are educated into looking upon this as admissible to serve a fancied "expediency," it is but a step until they will disregard the law on other vital points to serve some other "expedient" end.

The real remedy for the spectre of "nigger rule," if the Southern Democrats consider that a remedy is needed, is not in overriding the United States constitution, but in obeying it. It is perfectly competent for them in any Southern state to enact such legislation as to the exercise of the elective franchise as shall practically exclude the colored citizens. This suggestion of the Vicksburg *Post* is one worthy of their consideration. True, their representation in the national House of Representatives will be cut down in proportion to the number of voters disfranchised; but they should not want to hold seats by fraud and violence. The course indicated by the *Post* is in all respects the most manly, the only honest one, and will remove the grounds of Republican objection to Southern elections on the "Mississippi plan."

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

THE Local Option League of Ohio thus summarizes the workings of the Dow liquor-tax law in this state:

1. Two thousand and eighty-eight saloons have been closed by the saloon-tax provision.

2. Five hundred and seventeen saloons have been closed by town councils, most of them by vote of the people.

3. Two hundred towns in the state have adopted local option and suppressed the liquor traffic to a greater or less extent, and the number of towns taking this stand is increasing.

4. Nearly $2,000,000 has been collected of the saloon men and put into city and county treasuries.

The plan of taxation, as a tentative one for curbing the destructive effects of the Rum traffic, seems to be increasing in favor. Bishop IRELAND says that the Minnesota law, which provides for $1,000 annual tax in cities of over 10,000 inhabitants and $500 for other places, is "an unmixed good," and in Nebraska, where a similar law is in operation, the number of saloons has been reduced one-half, and drunkenness has been diminished in greater proportions.

EUROPEAN letters say that the sympathizers with the cause of liberty in Russia protest vehemently against the proposed Russian-American extradition treaty. The weak spot in the treaty, as we look at it, is the clause which makes "attempts to commit" murder or manslaughter extraditable crimes, and declares that such attempts, when directed against a ruling sovereign or his household, shall not be deemed political offences. There is a dangerous latitude in that phrase, for Russia might charge any Nihilist conspirator with an "attempt" to kill the Czar. When it comes, however, to actual murder, it is difficult to see why an assassin of a Czar or a President should not be treated like any other murderer.

IF it be true, as intimated in a dispatch from New York, printed to-day, that the boys in training for the United States naval service are sent to sea in rotten old tubs which are practically floating coffins, there should be a Congressional inquiry into the matter. There is no reason why the United States should not have not only seaworthy vessels, but such as shall be at least the equal of those of any other of the world's great nations. We are able to have them, and there is no reason, save the desire of this idiotic administration to keep the treasury surplus piled away as an argument with the unthinking in favor of free trade, why we should not build them.

THE SHERMAN presidential campaign is to be aided by the circulation of a sketch of the Senator's career. A newspaper correspondent at Washington says that Representative WILLIAM LAWRENCE, of Bellefontaine, O., has written and is now correcting the proofs of a sixty page sketch of Senator SHERMAN'S public life and positions on great questions. Mr. LAWRENCE has occupied his spare moments for some time in the compilation and writing of his pamphlet, which will no doubt be ready for sale or distribution in a few weeks.

IT may be of interest to the gentlemen who are fond, these cold days, of taking a drink of what they fondly suppose is good, smoky old "Scotch" whisky, to know that the liquid they are swallowing is a manufactured compound, composed of rectified spirits, acetic acid, creosote and sugar syrup. The same compound, save that acetic ether is added, also does duty for "Irish" whisky. The above interesting facts are from the *American Analyst.*

AMID all the efforts of Mr. CLEVELAND to promote his succeeding himself in the Presidential chair, it might be well for him to take a rest sufficiently long to carefully peruse the following, from his own letter of acceptance in 1884:

We recognize in the eligibility of the President for re-election a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate and intelligent political action which most characterize a government by the people.

NEW YORK is considering a law to silence the blathering of the anarchist fools. A bill has been introduced in the legislature providing a second conviction under the section of the penal code under which MOST was sentenced shall be punished by five years' imprisonment.

A FUTILE ATTEMPT.

The effort of the free trade Democrats to make the people believe that American industries will not be really injured by the amount of tariff reduction they propose can not succeed. It is useless for them to pretend that it will not be sufficient to destroy the protective feature of the tariff, because the facts are too plain. The President and secretary of the Treasury recommend a revenue reduction to the extent of $113,000,000 annually, the whole amount to be taken from the tariff. Eighty-five millions could be got rid of without injury to important American industries by abolishing the tax on tobacco and the tariff on sugar, but Mr. CLEVELAND insists that these revenues must not be touched.

Let us look at the matter. The whole revenue from customs duties in the year ended June 30, 1887, was $237,000,000. The administration proposes to reduce it one-half. Reduced duties will not reduce the revenues, for importations will increase. To reduce the revenue to the extent of one-half of the customs receipts as proposed, duties on many important articles must be wholly or substantially abolished. The administration has pointed its free trade shafts at raw materials, the iron industry, wool and woolens, and sundry other articles of home manufacture.

Representative MCKINLEY, of Ohio, shows clearly what would be the result of this policy should it be carried into effect. To get rid of the $113,000,000 in that way it would be necessary to entirely remove the tariff from the following articles, the revenue from each of which is appended:

Raw materials—wool, coal, iron ore, flax, hemp, etc.	$ 12,000,000
Manufactures of iron and steel	20,713,000
Manufactures of wool	29,729,000
Manufactures of cotton	11,710,000
Manufactures of silk	15,540,000
Chemicals	4,654,000
Glass	4,519,000
Earthenware	3,251,000
Tobacco	9,000,000
Total	$111,107,000

To reduce the revenue, therefore, by the amount and in the way proposed, it would be necessary to establish practical free trade in the raw materials, and in the manufactures that give profitable employment to millions of citizens; to remove protection entirely from many of the most important industries in the country; and to reduce the level of wages in these industries to that of Europe. And if that is not practically free trade then the term has no meaning.

THE conduct of young WALTER PHELPS DODGE, who published in New York papers a lying statement that he was engaged to Miss LILLIAN STOKES, and subsequently procured the insertion of a false announcement that they had been married, and which will possibly be followed by cranks elsewhere, should be made an offense under the law. It seems probable that DODGE intended to force the young lady, who is an heiress and a distant relative of his, to marry him, by telling her that as an announcement that they had been married had appeared, the only way to save her character from suspicion was to go before a clergyman or magistrate and be married. Then the world need not know that the published announcement was false. Of course no self-respecting girl would allow herself to be driven into matrimony in this way, but women should be protected from the possibility of such cowardly attacks. The statutes of Massachusetts contain a provision that is a most useful one in cases like this, and in many others, which section reads as follows:

Whoever willfully sends to the publisher of a newspaper, for the purpose of publication, a false notice of a birth, marriage or death, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars.

IT is said that ninety-five per cent. of the avalanche of bills already presented in the House of Representatives are exact duplicates of bills that have been introduced before, on which no action was ever taken. In most cases they were the bills of the last Congress, with the number of the Congress and the date of introduction stricken out, and they will go down to the printer again to be set up and printed just as they were last year, and at the end of this session or of the Congress the printed bills will be sold again as waste paper, and will find their way to the junk shop, just as did the tons of printed bills of the last Congress. The committee on Rules has various propositions before it relating to reform in the printing of bills, and a partial reform as to some of the private bills has been effected; but the reform does not go far enough, and the calendars are to be loaded just as they were before. There is nothing to indicate that on the calendars of the Fiftieth Congress there will not be 12,000 bills, just as there were on the calendars of the Forty-ninth.

IT is assumed in Congressional circles in Washington that the fact that the Education committee of the House has been constituted in opposition to the Blair bill probably settles the fate of that measure for this Congress, and that the appointment of the Pacific Railroad committee points to stringent legislation on that head. Both these selections are illustrations of the drift of the fashion in the House to make the Speaker pretty nearly half the whole House in power. Through him, as it happens now, the President speaks, as well as the majority of the House. Is it a step in the development of our administration into a parliamentary government on the English plan? It does seem as if the silly Anglomania which has been for years so pronounced a feature of social life in certain Eastern circles has begun to invade even our legislative methods.

THE abbreviations of California and Colorado, "Cal." and "Col.," look so much alike in ordinary handwriting, and letters have so often gone wrong in consequence, that Californians are beginning to abbreviate the name of their state thus: "Calif."—*Chicago Herald.*

The same trouble exists in the use of "W. T." for Washington Territory. We know of a letter thus addressed going to Wyoming Territory, and coming back to the writer after a visit to the Dead Letter office at Washington. We also recall "Va." carelessly written, being mistaken for "Mo.," as well as other errors due to the obscurity of badly-written abbreviations of such names. It would be wiser to always write out the name of the state, and eschew the abbreviations entirely.

A Washington correspondent gives the following conversation with Mr. RANDALL:

I asked Mr. Randall what he thought of Sherman's plan.

"What is it?" he inquired.

"To take the tax off sugar and tobacco and give the Louisiana planters a bounty."

"I am for it, and it will be adopted," was his very emphatic reply.

And as Mr. RANDALL is acknowledged to have "at least a score" of Democratic followers in the House, it becomes plain that if the present Congress does anything toward reducing the revenue, it will be by the abolition of the tobacco tax and reducthe duty on sugar, President Cleveland will be badly "left."

"BILL" MORRISON, the horizontal reducer, who was so gloriously defeated for congress by Judge JEHU BAKER, did a dirty little bit of spite-work, through his influence with Speaker CARLISLE, in getting Judge BAKER put on but one unimportant committee. The latter promptly declined to serve. MORRISON is sitting around, expecting to run for Congress in the same district next fall. The people, however, will take up Judge BAKER'S cause, and knock out MORRISON by an increased majority for his opponent.

ENGLISH manufactured products have advanced in price since CLEVELAND'S free trade message.

LINCOLN AND BLAINE.

The Chicago *Journal* rises up to remark with emphasis:

The Blaine papers are perturbed about Hon. Robert T. Lincoln and with singular unanimity they are all for him for governor of Illinois. Those who are for Lincoln for governor are not for him for President, and those who are for him for President are not for him for governor. The Blaine people are for him for governor. It may be observed, however, that he is nearer to the Presidency than he is to the governorship, and perhaps he is nearer than Mr. Blaine to the Presidency.

It may be well, in connection with the above, to remember the fact that this urgency on the part of the Blaine papers to discountenance Mr. LINCOLN'S possible candidacy is not because of opposition to Mr. LINCOLN personally. It is because they understand that Mr. BLAINE'S position, so far as known, is, that he will not accept the nomination this year unless tendered with practical unanimity by the convention. The only candidate who is making a decided and business-like effort to obtain the nomination, is Mr. SHERMAN. It seems to us that the preponderance of sentiment in the party is yet with Mr. BLAINE. It follows, then, that if the Sherman men show up sufficient strength in the convention to render Mr. BLAINE averse to accepting the nomination, that SHERMAN will stand no chance of receiving any help from the BLAINE forces. On the contrary, recognizing in him the opponent responsible for the failure to nominate BLAINE, they will see to it that Mr. SHERMAN is killed off with neatness and dispatch. And we think Mr. LINCOLN stands in an excellent position to receive the Blaine strength.

ANOTHER NEW PORTRAIT—ROBERT LINCOLN.

So great is the interest now manifested in ROBERT T. LINCOLN, in connection with the next Republican National convention, that we yielded to the request of thousands of subscribers who ask us to add him to the Blade's Portrait Gallery of Eminent Men. We have therefore had engraved at great expense an excellent portrait of ROBERT LINCOLN, which is uniform in size with other portraits of our publication, but *this one* is printed in tints, at a greater cost than the others, and is pronounced by judges to be the finest one in our Gallery. As a likeness it is absolutely correct, and as a piece of art work it is handsomely executed. We mail them singly, post paid, for 25 cents.

THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION.

A bill has been already introduced into the United States Senate to provide for a "World's Exposition" in this country in the year 1892. The scheme, as outlined by the bill, is as follows: There is to be a governmental board of 21 directors, seven appointed each by the President, president of the Senate and Speaker of the House, with an advisory board of 62 members from the states and independent American nations. Space is to be assigned in some unoccupied reservation in Washington for a permanent state and territorial building for a permanent exhibit of the representative history, resources, arts and industries of the 46 states and territories; for a permanent three-Americas building for a permanent exhibit of the history, antiquities, resources, arts and industries of the North, Central and South America; for a temporary building or buildings for a temporary exhibit between May 1 and October 31, 1892, by all nations other than those of the American continent, and for a suitable site for a statue of Columbus. Space is to be assigned in some governmental reservation for the enlargement of the National Museum into a continent, or three-America's, museum, and for a permanent building, under the control of the Interior department, for the exhibit of working models of important American inventions. The President is authorized to invite the several states and territories of the United States, and the several sister nations of the three Americas, to participate in the exposition. Whenever the necessary funds are provided the President is authorized to invite all foreign nations other than those of the American continent to participate in the exposition.

A CORRESPONDENT at West Lebanon, Ind., sends us a number of clippings from a Union Labor paper, upon which he asks the BLADE'S views. Here is a sample paragraph (they all referring to the same point):

Farmers! The national banks heretofore have been furnished paper money for 90 cents of every dollar of bonds deposited for security. Now the secretary of the Treasury is furnishing $1.10 of gold and silver money to these national bankers for every dollar of bonds deposited as security.

The reference in the above is to Secretary FAIRCHILD'S purchases of United States bonds at 10 per cent premium. At the time those purchases were begun, the bonds (4½s) had four years to run. Hence the interest the government would have to pay on them in those four years would be 18 per cent. By buying them at that time at 10 per cent and retiring them, the government made a clear profit of 8 per cent. That is the truth of the matter. The paragraph quoted above is one of the meanest bits of demagogic writing we have seen for some time. It perverts the truth by giving it an utterly wrong interpretation.

THE House committee on Postoffices has reported favorably a bill repealing that portion of the postal laws relative to written or printed matter other than the address on the wrappers of merchandise sent through the mail. It is expected that the bill will be readily passed by the House, and there is no doubt it will at once pass the Senate. The miserable picayune policy of a Bourbon official has led to untold vexation and trouble through his unnecessarily rigid ruling as to the interpretation of the law.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S great tariff speech in reply to the President's message is to be used as a campaign document. The demands for it are unprecedented. Up to this time, Congressmen alone have ordered 160,000 copies at their own expense, and an association of prominent Republicans has arranged to buy and circulate 1,000,000 copies for general distribution. This will give Mr. SHERMAN'S speech a greater circulation than any utterance of like nature on the floor of Congress has ever had.

WORD comes from Washington that the President and his intimates are on the ragged edge because of the apathetic attitude of both Tammany and the County Democracy, in New York city. Ex-Mayor COOPER has no love for the President, and Mayor HEWITT makes no concealment of his personal dislike for him. Each of these has been a generous contributor to Democratic campaign funds, and has a good deal of influence with the County Democracy. As for Tammany, just at present it is "layin' low and sayin' nothin'."

SOMEBODY is evidently getting anxious to kill off ROBERT T. LINCOLN as a possible Presidential candidate. Somebody at Washington has put in circulation the story that, while Mr. LINCOLN was secretary of War, the rebel flags were boxed for shipment to the South. Mr. LINCOLN was interviewed on the subject, and his reply is given in our telegraphic columns to-day. The story is "a weak invention of the enemy."

ACCORDING to the reports of the Milwaukee brewers to the internal revenue collector, their employes drank on the premises in 1887 13,021 barrels of beer, representing 6,500,000 glasses, and, at $8 a barrel, a cash value of $104,108. If that money were put in savings banks, for instance, it would in a few years render those men independent of the proverbial "rainy day" in their old age.

LAMAR'S CONFIRMATION.

The confirmation of LAMAR as an associate justice of the Supreme court of the United States has been expected for some time. The Republican majority in the Senate is but a narrow one, and the three votes of Messrs. STANFORD, of California; STEWART, of Nevada, both Republicans, and RIDDLEBERGER, the Readjuster Senator from Virginia, gave LAMAR the coveted seat.

We regret that this has been done. We do not believe LAMAR to be a fit man for this exalted position. The BLADE has never opposed his confirmation because of his treason in 1861, and his participation in the rebellion, because Mr. LAMAR'S disabilities were removed by Congress years ago, and his rebel record was not properly any objection to his confirmation. The objections to him were, first, his entire lack of judicial training and experience, and his extremely limited legal practice—he being no more than a fourth-rate lawyer, who has not, for thirty years at least, practiced his profession; second, the fact that he is a state rights doctrinaire, an adherent of a theory as to the nature of the federal union and the respective relations of the citizen to the state and the nation that caused the rebellion, and that should be considered as negatived forever by the results of that mighty struggle.

CLEVELAND appointed him as a sop to the reactionary element of the South, not because of his fitness. But had LAMAR been a fairly competent man, by training and experience, one who accepted the settlements of the war as sustaining the view that the nation is sovereign and not the individual states, his confirmation could not have been objected to on any save party grounds.

That RIDDLEBERGER should vote for his confirmation was to have been expected. What grounds Messrs STANFORD and STEWART can allege for their action time alone must show. That they will receive general condemnation from the Republican press and party is certain, and it is to be hoped that they can give some defense of their extraordinary vote more convincing than mere personal friendship for LAMAR. The editorial utterances of the Democratic press, so far as they have been given at this writing, simply adhere to the insincere and misleading line they have hitherto taken—that the Republican opposition to LAMAR was a maintaining of the war issue.

THE CEREAL CROPS.

The special market report of C. A. KING & Co., of this city, has the United States agricultural bureau report of the last cereal crops, by states, from principal grain growing districts, namely: Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, New York, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, California, Oregon and Washington Territory.

For the years named, the output of wheat and the acreage were:

	Acres.	Bushels.
1887	37,691,000	456,329,000
1886	36,800,000	457,000,000
1885	34,500,000	357,000,000
1884	39,475,000	512,000,000
1883	36,455,000	421,000,000
1882	37,000,000	501,000,000
1881	37,700,000	380,000,000

It will be seen that the crop of 1887 is nearly the same as that of 1886.

The quantity of corn produced in the states above named was in bushels:

1887	1,456,000,000
1886	1,655,000,000
1885	1,936,000,000
1884	1,795,000,000
1883	1,551,000,000
1882	1,617,000,000
1881	1,195,000,000

Which shows a shortage in the corn crop of 1887 of 199,000,000 bushels.

Of oats, the crop was larger in 1887 than the previous year, by 35,618,000 bushels. The showing for seven years is seen in the annexed:

1887	659,618,000
1886	624,000,000
1885	629,000,000
1884	583,000,000
1883	571,000,000
1882	488,000,000
1881	416,000,000

The report referred to has also the following interesting resume of facts:

Florida, Rhode Island and Louisiana raised no wheat. Indiana raised more wheat than any other winter wheat state. Illinois had the largest and best crop since 1882. Washington Territory is developing as a wheat raiser; it produced only two millions in 1882. Dakota raised the most spring wheat and Minnesota was next. With a favorable spring considerable virgin land will be put into wheat in that section, but the tide of emigration is not so great towards there as a few years ago.

Iowa raised the most corn, every state and territory raising some. Kansas, Illinois and Indiana show the largest falling off compared with last year. Some of the less important states show an increase over a year ago.

Oat crop was largest ever raised. Illinois produced one-sixth of the entire crop.

MILLS, OF TEXAS.

The new Democratic leader on the floor of the House is MILLS, of Texas. He was given the chairmanship of the committee on Ways and Means, the most important one in the House, and this carries with it the party leadership on the floor, by long usage. Mr. MILLS determined to gratify his itch to exercise his new powers on Friday afternoon, and moved that when the House adjourn that day it should be until Monday. Being a self-satisfied sort of a fellow, without that instinctive judgment that always marks the born leader of men, MILLS did not consult the leading men of his party on this matter before making the motion, and to his extreme mortification the motion was voted down. He had not the common sense to take the lesson in silence, but angrily exploded in an egotistical speech, in which he naively declared that the House should have adopted the motion, as he had promised several members there should be such an adjournment. Not to rub it in too deeply, the majority relented, and another member renewed the motion to adjourn until Monday.

MILLS, beside himself with rage and wounded vanity, had not the sagacity to accept in silence, but sprang to his feet and objected. There was but one thing to do, and that was to continue the punishment, and the House promptly carried the motion in spite of his protest. The incident has set the whole country on the broad grin. It renders certain the suspicion, whispered among the Democrats of the House when CARLISLE appointed him, that it was a big blunder, and that MILLS is of too small calibre for a big gun. The situation of the majority in the House is that of a party with a fool for a leader. The House took up the role of the mills of the gods, and ground MILLS, of Texas, up exceedingly fine, and in a very quick time.

A BILL is now before the state legislature of Kentucky providing that the people of the state shall vote next fall on the Prohibition question. If a majority of the votes in the whole state favor Prohibition it shall apply to the whole state. Any single county or district in a county that votes "dry" shall have Prohibition. If a county votes "dry," the question shall not be referred to a popular vote again for ten years; if it goes "wet" there shall be another vote on it the next year. The penalty for illegal selling shall be, after the third offence, not less than $2,000, and three months' imprisonment.

THE venerable Senator MORRILL, of Vermont, is ill. He is the oldest in the service of the members of either branch of Congress, as he has been steadily in the national legislation since 1855. SHERMAN entered Congress at the same time, but four years of the intervening time were spent in President HAYES'S cabinet.

IT is worthy of remark, as a significant sign of the times, that there are already nearly 700 Republican clubs enrolled in the national organization perfected at New York a few weeks ago.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

What Fixes the Price.

W. R., writing from Rockdale, Ky., asks the following questions:

1.—Does our foreign trade in wheat, cattle, wool, etc., establish the prices of those articles in the United States? If so, in what manner does the foreign trade control the market?

2.—Is there a duty on any coffee shipped to the United States?

It is incorrect to say either that the "foreign price" fixes the price of grain for us, or that we fix the price of Europe. The fact is, that the price is the resultant of the world's supply as compared with the world's demand. If the news should come to Chicago, our great wheat market, that the European crop would be largely deficient, the price then would go up—for grain men would reason that a short supply means higher prices, and would refuse to sell except at an advance. Similarly, if the monthly crop report of the Agricultural department at Washington should indicate a shortage of the wheat crop in this country, the price would go up in Liverpool—because the dealers there, as America is one of their sources of supply, would know at once that prices must go higher—There is no duty on coffee. It is on the free list.

An Interesting Letter.

A subscriber at Sidell, Ill., who is evidently able to look beyond the tip of his nose, sends us the following excellent letter:

Where would the surplus better be? In the national treasury or in the pockets of foreign merchants and manufacturers? Remove the tariff duties on articles or raw materials that we can produce at home, and aside from any other bad consequences, a greater scarcity of money would surely follow than that now caused by the lock-up in the national treasury. There are many ways of reducing the surplus, as the BLADE has already shown, and still keep the money circulating at home.

As the avowed object of reducing or entirely removing the tariff is to cheapen the article in question, it is proper that we should ask: First, are we reasonably sure we will gain the lower price? and, second, is the cheapness desirable for the public good?

Take free sugar, for instance. In theory every man, woman and child in the Republic would be relieved of say, a dollar's expense annually. But what is to prevent the foreign sugar producers, the importers and refiners, from combining and maintaining the price, and putting $60,000,000 in their own pockets? [That is exactly what the "sugar

Correspondence.

WHAT THE BLADE'S READERS THINK

As to the Proper Man to Head the Republican Presidential Ticket This Year.

WAUTAUGA FALLS, N. C.—I have conversed with a goodly number of Republicans. The majority is for Robert Lincoln and Foraker.—M. A. PRESNELL, SR.

EAGLE VILLAGE, N. Y.—The policy of our party will be followed by any man we may elect. It is not a question of favor to the man. The majority of Republicans (and especially the politicians, including Mr. Elkins) favor Mr. Blaine. I should be glad to see him made President, but the Republicans in this immediate vicinity are not in favor of him as a rule, because they feel that he cannot carry our state. Give us a man that will unite the disaffected element in this state and of course the strong Blaine men will be true, and we shall surely succeed. I think the man most liable to accomplish the result is Robert T. Lincoln. Of course the Western states will elect any good man. Politicians want to remember that it cannot be done in this state. I know of some Prohibitionists that will support Lincoln, and will antagonize Blaine. What is true of them is also true of Mr. Conkling's warm friends. If we want to succeed, all jealousies among leading men must cease. Just now in rural districts men are exercising their own judgment, and do not propose to be led to the slaughter.—D. L. SHIELD.

COOPERSVILLE, MICH.—Lincoln is not the favorite here, but on the contrary we unanimously favor the nomination of the greatest statesman, the most brainy full-fledged American citizen, the double-dyed protectionist to American laborers and American manufacturers, the out and out Republican who does not flinch to say that he is such for the fear of losing a supporter, he, who dare to say the right things for the American people whether at home or abroad, he, who will defend the American fisherman against that powerful enemy, England, as well as to send troops to weak Mexico to defend a drunken citizen. Such a man the Republicans of Michigan will endeavor to nominate at the convention that assemblies at Chicago on the 19th day of June next. It is almost needless for me to say that that man is James G. Blaine.—C. C. STILES.

(No postoffice or state.)—With Blaine at the head, the people would feel secure knowing that they were voting for the greatest statesman in the world. If there is an Ohio man at the head of the ticket I want it to be J. B. Foraker.—GEO. P. WEBSTER.

LIVERPOOL, PA.—I still hold to the choice of Lincoln and Gresham. The active party leaders are vastly mistaken in the feelings of the rank and file of the party, (in this neck of woods) when they assert that Blaine is the man for 1888. We here want to go into the fight next fall with a man to win. We are not going to take a risk of again stranding the ship of state the three rocks. Namely, rum, romanism and rebellion.—JOHN SHEATS.

(No postoffice nor state.)—I believe in fighting the devil with his own weapons, and that is this: Take up Blaine from this on and drop all others; this time, as I verily believe, that he is the strongest, ablest and best man to put Grover Cleveland out of the Presidential chair, and can do it the best of any other living man. Blaine at the head of the ticket.—ALFRED GRIFFITH.

GENESEO, N. Y.—Since the President's message, and the masterly reply of Blaine, I am inclined to think that Blaine would be likely to carry more doubtful states than Lincoln. I do not think any candidate we may nominate will get the support of the mugwumps, neither will any Republican get the support of the political Prohibitionists, except individual cases. I think Blaine would draw more votes from the manufacturers, small farmers and laborers, and especially among the Irish, than any other man.—H. G. BAKER.

LIBERTY HILL, TENN.—I think it would be better for the National Republican ticket next year to name candidates who have already had enough of the spoils and emaluments of office to satisfy reasonable men to retire and let a ticket be nominated that will harmonize the discordant factions of the Republican party.—SUNSCRIBER.

CULBERTSON, NEB.—Nebraska will give R. T. Lincoln, if he be nominated, 35,000 majority, while Mr. Blaine can barely carry the state. Bob can fill the west with unbounded enthusiasm, and not only hold all Republicans in the ranks but draw heavily from the Democrats and other parties. Mr. Blaine was once fairly beaten and will surely be beaten again if nominated. Thousands of us who worked hard for him four years ago would sit down with a tired feeling if called upon to go over the same ground. Bob Lincoln has a clear record. No explanations will need be made concerning his career. There will be no mugwumps to contend with or grumbling Republicans to doctor up.—J. A. FLEMMING.

WELDEN, IOWA.—I am for Blaine, first, because a majority of the voters cast their votes for him in 1884; second, Blaine is the greatest statesman of modern times and can run this government to the best interests of the people more effectually than any other man; thirdly, he is the only man that can carry the state of New York. The agencies that combined to defeat him in 1884 have lost their force.—T. B. JAMISON.

ELMO, TEX.—F. Hurst Post No. 13, G. A. R., is in favor of R. T. Lincoln for President. He is a good man and we thing he carries more weight than any other.—E. S. TIDEWELL, Post Surgeon.

DRESDEN, O.—Blaine is our first choice, (1) on the score of justice, (2) as an available candidate, (3) all parties concede his ability as a statesmen; and as the main issue will be on the protection of American industries, he has decidedly the advantage over Sherman on account of the action of Sherman on the revision of the tariff of 1883. While I concede Sherman's ability as a statesman, and while I delight to honor those of our own state, I know by personal association with men of both parties in our district that Blaine is the strongest man. I know scores that voted for Cleveland and reform that are so dissatisfied with the "reform" part, that they are really anxious to reverse their vote.—G. Y. SMITH.

TIPP CITY, MO.—Missouri is getting the moss rubbed of her back, and with Bob Lincoln for our next nominee for President, and Foraker or any other Western man for Vice President, we will claim Missouri for the Republicans.—VOTER.

TWIN LAKES, COLO.:—In your canvass for presidential preferences I, and all my Republican neighbors, except one, who favored R. T. Lincoln, named that foremost, ablest American for the place, viz: James G. Blaine. Since then, however, after mature consideration and canvassing the question in all its bearings, all have decided with our neighbor, that Robt. T. Lincoln, all things considered, is the proper man to place before the people for President. Like the BLADE, however, there is no one among the many good names suggested, that I would not cordially support should he receive the nomination. I have no patience with the silly talk about his being the son of his father, and all such gabble. John Quincy Adams was the son of his father also, but for that reason he made the no less able President. For one I would rejoice with thousands of other true Republicans to do honor to him, whom of all others of his time, still deserves the greatest honor of the loyal people of the nation.—JOHN A. STALEY.

HOMER, ILL.—I would rather see J. G. Blaine president than any other man, but with him as candidate we might suffer defeat again. But with Lincoln, the son of the great emancipator, at the head of the ticket we can scatter the enemy and victory will be ours.—H. E. HOFFMAN.

RICHMOND, ILL.—My candidate is James G. Blaine. The greatest statesman now living in this or any other land, the man who made the grandest run in 1884 that ever was made by any candidate. His defeat was only consummated by traitors in the Republican party. In my judgement, that is no reason why he should not be nominated as the Republican standard-bearer in 1888.

In 1840 was my first vote for President William H. Harrison, and with that party I have ever cast my vote from that time, and if this in 1888 should be my last, I should like to deposit that vote for the great patriot and statesman, James G. Blaine.—M. FOOTE.

"Destitution in Western Kansas."

EDITOR BLADE:—There has been so much said about the famishing condition of Western Kansas, resulting from scarcity of fuel and food, by Eastern papers, that I feel it a duty to correct errors in reference to a few statements and relieve the anxiety of many who have friends in the West. I see that Mrs. Riley and child were frozen to death near Dighton. The friends of John Henry have been writing to Dr. Beeson (both being Odd Fellows), asking for the particulars in regard to the death of Mr. Henry by freezing. Mr. Henry, I am glad to say, is as lively a corpse as you will find anywhere. The facts are, there is not a family in Lane county dependent upon the county for food or clothing. I am aware that prejudice is reluctant to give credit to what is said by a Kansas man, but there are men in Kansas who have some respect for their neighbors if they have none for themselves. There is no use of trying to keep back the fact that there are persons in Kansas who do not have all the luxuries of life. Kansas, like all new countries, requires grit and money to overcome the wild nature of country. Some may not hold out to reap their reward, but no land has a brighter future than Western Kansas. There is no force that can be brought against this West to impede her progress. While the world stood back and pointed to the place in the Great American desert where Kansas lay as the drouth powered and insect world, Kansas men were preparing the grandest exhibit of the Centenial. SUBSCRIBER.

—PAIN is master of the world. Use Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Put the blood in proper condition, and the scrofula will disappear. 120 doses $1. All druggists sell it.

So It Was Ended.

They were reading of the festivities at a fashionable wedding.

"Cyrus," said the fair girl, as she looked proudly at the young man, "the account says the groomsmen drank wine from the bride's slipper. You wouldn't do such a thing, would you? Even if the slipper were mine you would not let the temptation come upon you to violate your solemn promise never to drink wine again, would you Cyrus?"

"Never!" exclaimed Cyrus; "drink it from a slipper? Faugh!"

Letters and rings have been returned. They meet as strangers.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE PACIFICS.

The President Sends a Message to Congress on the Subject.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The following is the President's message transmitting the Pacific railroad reports to Congress:

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

On the third day of March last an act was passed authorizing the appointment of three commissioners, who should investigate the affairs of such railroads as have received aid from the United States government.

Among other things the contemplated investigation included a history of the construction of these roads, their relation and indebtedness to the government, and the question whether in the interest of the United States any extension of time for the performance of the obligations of said roads to the government should be granted, and if so the said commissioners were directed to submit a scheme for such extension.

The commissioners were further directed by said act to report in full to the President upon all the matters submitted to them, and he was by said act required to forward said report to Congress, with such recommendations or comments as he should see fit to make in the premises.

The commissioners immediately after their election entered upon the discharge of their duties, and have prosecuted their inquiries with commendable industry, intelligence and promptness. Some issue, in sums not exceeding the amount of the United States bonds, which should be advanced to them.

The immense advantages to the companies of this amendatory act are apparent; and in these days we may well wonder that even the anticipated public importance of the construction of these roads induced what must now appear to be a rather reckless and unguarded appropriation of the public funds and the public domain.

Under the operation of these laws the principal of the bonds which have been advanced is $64,023,512 as given in the reports of the commissioners. The interest to November 1, 1887, is calculated to be $76,024,206.58, making an aggregate at the date named of $140,047,718.58.

The interest calculated to the maturity of the bonds, added to the principal, produces an aggregate of $178,884,759.50.

Against these amounts there has been repaid by the companies the sum of $30,955,639.61.

It is almost needless to state that the companies have availed themselves to the utmost extent of the permission given to them to issue their bonds and to mortgage their property to secure the payment of the same by an encumbrance having preference of the government's lien and precisely equal to it in amount.

It will be seen there was available for the building of each mile of these roads $16,000 of United States bonds due in 30 years, with 6 per cent interest; $16,000 in bonds of the companies secured by a first mortgage on all their property, and ten sections of government land, to say nothing of the stock of the companies.

When the relations created between the government and these companies by the legislation referred to, is considered, it is astonishing that the claim should be made that the directors of these roads owed no duty except to the company in their construction; that they need regard no interests but their own, and that they were justified in contracting with themselves and making such bargains as resulted in conveying to their pockets all the assets of the companies.

THE GOVERNMENT INTERESTED.

As a lender the government was vitally interested in the amount of the mortgage to which its security had been subordinated; and it had the right to insist that none of the bonds secured by this prior mortgage should be issued fraudulently or for the purpose of division among these stockholders without consideration.

The doctrine of complete independence on the part of the directors of these companies and their freedom from any objection to care for other interests than their own in the construction of these roads, seem to have developed the natural consequence of its application, portrayed as follows in the majority report of the commissioners.

"The result is that those who have controlled and directed the construction and development of these companies have become possessed of their surplus assets, through issues of bonds, stocks and payment of dividends voted by themselves, while the great creditor, the United States, finds itself substantially without adequate security for the repayment of its loans."

The laws enacted in aid of these roads, while they illustrated a profuse liberality and a generous surrender of the government's advantages, upon the theory that the roads should be constructed according to the common rules of business, fairness and duty, and that their value and their ability to pay their debts should not be impaired by unfair manipulations; and when the government subordinated its lien to another, it was in the expectation that the prior lien would represent in its amount, only such bonds as should be necessarily issued by the companies for the construction of their roads at fair prices, agreed upon in an honest way, between real and substantial parties.

For the purpose of saving or improving the security afforded by its junior lien, the government should have the right now to purge this paramount lien of all that is fraudulent, fictitious or unconscionable.

If the transfer to innocent hands of bonds of this character, secured by such first mortgage prevents their cancellation it might be well to seek a remedy against those who issued and transferred them. If legislation is needed to secure such a remedy Congress can readily supply it.

I desire to call attention also to the fact that if all that was to be done on the part of the government to fully vest in these companies the grants and advantages contemplated by the acts passed in their interests, has not yet been perfected, and if the failure of such companies to perform, in good faith, their part of the contract, justifies such course; the power rests with the Congress to withhold further performance on the part of the government.

If donated lands are not yet granted to these companies, and if their violation of contract and of duty are such as, in justice and morals, forfeit their rights to such lands, Congressional legislation should intervene to prevent further consummation. Executive power must be exercised according to existing laws, and executive discretion is probably not broad enough to reach such difficulties.

The California & Oregon railroad is now a part of the Central Pacific system, and is now a land grant road. Its construction has been carried on with the same features and incidents which has characterized the other constructions of the system.

It is quite time the troublesome complications surrounding this entire subject which has been transmitted to us as a legacy from former days should be adjusted and settled. No one, I think, expects that these railroad companies will be able to pay their immense indebtedness to the government at its maturity.

Any proceeding or agreement that would result now, or at any time in putting these roads or any portion of them in possession and control of the government, is, in my opinion, to be rejected.

The settlement and determination of the questions involved are peculiarly written in the province of the congress.

The public interest urges prompt and efficient action. GROVER CLEVELAND.

WHY?

Do you love fruit-growing? Do you love flowers? Have you a little garden? Have you a large farm? Are you interested in cattle raising, in the dairy? Do you keep bees, poultry? Do you love your family and desire to provide them with pure reading matter? Do you wish to keep your sons and daughters on the farm and to make them happy and contented? Do you live in the East, West, North or South? You should read the RURAL NEW YORKER. It is the leading farm weekly of America, and costs more to publish than any other. Specimens free. Address the RURAL NEW YORKER, 34 Park Row, New York.

OBSERVE—*The Toledo Blade and the R. N. Y. both for one year for only* $2.50.

made to said companies by the government, thus obliging the immediate payment to its debtor of the other half of said charges, and that the lien of the United States to secure the reimbursement of the amount advanced to said companies in bonds, which lien was declared by the law of 1862 to constitute a first mortgage upon all the property of said companies, should become a junior lien, and be subordinated to a mortgage which the companies were by the amendatory act, authorized to execute, to secure bonds which they might, from time to time issue, in sums not exceeding the amount of the United States bonds, which should be advanced to them.

The immense advantages to the companies of this amendatory act are apparent; and in these days we may well wonder that even the anticipated public importance of the construction of these roads induced what must now appear to be a rather reckless and unguarded appropriation of the public funds and the public domain.

Under the operation of these laws the principal of the bonds which have been advanced is $64,023,512 as given in the reports of the commissioners. The interest to November 1, 1887, is calculated to be $76,024,206.58, making an aggregate at the date named of $140,047,718.58.

The interest calculated to the maturity of the bonds, added to the principal, produces an aggregate of $178,884,759.50.

Against these amounts there has been repaid by the companies the sum of $30,955,639.61.

It is almost needless to state that the companies have availed themselves to the utmost extent of the permission given to them to issue their bonds and to mortgage their property to secure the payment of the same by an encumbrance having preference of the government's lien and precisely equal to it in amount.

It will be seen there was available for the building of each mile of these roads $16,000 of United States bonds due in 30 years, with 6 per cent interest; $16,000 in bonds of the companies secured by a first mortgage on all their property, and ten sections of government land, to say nothing of the stock of the companies.

When the relations created between the government and these companies by the legislation referred to, is considered, it is astonishing that the claim should be made that the directors of these roads owed no duty except to the company in their construction; that they need regard no interests but their own, and that they were justified in contracting with themselves and making such bargains as resulted in conveying to their pockets all the assets of the companies.

THE GOVERNMENT INTERESTED.

As a lender the government was vitally interested in the amount of the mortgage to which its security had been subordinated; and it had the right to insist that none of the bonds secured by this prior mortgage should be issued fraudulently or for the purpose of division among these stockholders without consideration.

The doctrine of complete independence on the part of the directors of these companies and their freedom from any objection to care for other interests than their own in the construction of these roads, seem to have developed the natural consequence of its application, portrayed as follows in the majority report of the commissioners.

"The result is that those who have controlled and directed the construction and development of these companies have become possessed of their surplus assets, through issues of bonds, stocks and payment of dividends voted by themselves, while the great creditor, the United States, finds itself substantially without adequate security for the repayment of its loans."

The laws enacted in aid of these roads, while they illustrated a profuse liberality and a generous surrender of the government's advantages, upon the theory that the roads should be constructed according to the common rules of business, fairness and duty, and that their value and their ability to pay their debts should not be impaired by unfair manipulations; and when the government subordinated its lien to another, it was in the expectation that the prior lien would represent in its amount, only such bonds as should be necessarily issued by the companies for the construction of their roads at fair prices, agreed upon in an honest way, between real and substantial parties.

For the purpose of saving or improving the security afforded by its junior lien, the government should have the right now to purge this paramount lien of all that is fraudulent, fictitious or unconscionable.

If the transfer to innocent hands of bonds of this character, secured by such first mortgage prevents their cancellation it might be well to seek a remedy against those who issued and transferred them. If legislation is needed to secure such a remedy Congress can readily supply it.

I desire to call attention also to the fact that if all that was to be done on the part of the government to fully vest in these companies the grants and advantages contemplated by the acts passed in their interests, has not yet been perfected, and if the failure of such companies to perform, in good faith, their part of the contract, justifies such course; the power rests with the Congress to withhold further performance on the part of the government.

If donated lands are not yet granted to these companies, and if their violation of contract and of duty are such as, in justice and morals, forfeit their rights to such lands, Congressional legislation should intervene to prevent further consummation. Executive power must be exercised according to existing laws, and executive discretion is probably not broad enough to reach such difficulties.

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FLOWERS INSTEAD OF CREPE.

Mr. Beecher's Dying Wish Has a Singular Effect Throughout the Land.

"Ever since the death of Henry Ward Beecher it has been noticed by gentlemen in our line of business that for one death out of every three, instead of crepe being hung on the door knob, beautiful wreaths of white flowers are placed as emblematic of another soul gone to glory," said an undertaker of national reputation.

"Why is that?" inquired the *Mail and Express* reporter.

"Before Mr. Beecher's death he requested that everything be bright and cheerful, and that no streamers of black be hung on the door of his home. Everything that he said was eagerly read by thousands all over the country. His admirers were doubtless struck with his idea as to flowers instead of crepe, and it has become the style. The custom of spreading flowers in death now is largely which lies the body is being revived. During the past years the notice "Please omit flowers" was added to nearly every funeral announcement. Walk up Fifth avenue, or any of their fashionable thoroughfares in New York or Brooklyn, and wherever there is a death you will very likely see flowers instead of crepe. I am informed by undertakers in other cities that the same custom is growing steadily in favor."

—C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, have issued two of the handsomest calendars yet published. One for office use, the other for the household. They have published of the Household Calendar alone 3,100,000. Sent by mail ab following prices: Office Calendar, 25 cents; Household Calendar, 6 cents.

Richard M. Johnson, afterward Vice President, has long been accorded the glory of having slain the redoubtable Indian warrior Tecumseh. Now comes a correspondent of the Stanford (Ky.) *Journal* and claims the honor for another Kentucky pioneer, Col. William Whitley.

The Fourteenth Victim.

HAVERHILL, MASS., Jan. 17.—John Madden, fourteenth victim of the Bradford disaster, who was injured at the tank house, died at the hospital this morning at 7 o'clock. He belonged at Bradford, and leaves a wife and four children. Charles F. Emerson, severely injured by a double runner while coasting on Peek Hill last evening is dead. He was not a boy as first reported.

Rival Newspapers.

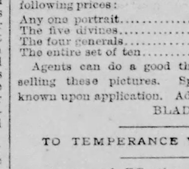
ST. PAUL, Jan. 17.—The *Pioneer Press* announces this morning that it has completed plans for the erection of a handsome new building on the corner of Robert and Fourth streets. This building will be eleven stories high, and about twice the size of the handsome *Globe* building.

A Flat Contradiction.

Some one has told you that your catarrh is incurable. It is not so. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it. It is pleasant to use and it always does it work thoroughly. We have yet to hear of a case in which it did not accomplish a cure when faithfully used. Catarrh is a disease which it is dangerous to neglect. A certain remedy is at your command. Avail yourself of it before the complaint assumes a more serious form. At druggists.

Publishers' Column.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,

We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted orunti further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

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EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temp ... organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If yo want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	12 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

A SILENT PROTECTOR for Gents, only 25 cents, 3 for 50 cents, 7 for $1. Ladies' Shields, 10 cents, 3 for $1. Silent Assistant, 50 cents; one of each $1. French Rubber Co., Box 127, Boston, Mass.

LADIES—My Tansy Pills never fail. Try them. No pain. Insure regularity, safe and effectual. Far superior to ergot, pennyroyal or oxide. $1 per package. Sent secure by mail. DR. B. F. CATON, Box 3257, Boston, Mass.

40 photos for gents, 10c. Ladies' Shield, 50c; gents', 25c; both, 50c. J. O. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Bankers and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

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Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 24, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Grand Quarterly Drawings regularly every three months (March, June, September and December.)

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. SECOND GRAND DRAWING, CLASS B, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, February 7, 1888.—213th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

200 Approximation Prizes of	$500	$ 99,000
300 " "	200	60,000
500 " "	100	50,000
1,000 Terminal "	50	50,000
2,179 Prizes, amounting to		$633,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information, write clearly, giving full address, POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) and addressed to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER that the payment of all Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS, and that the tickets and the Bonds are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts, therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

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MARRIAGE GUIDE A Book of Nature, a Private Medical Guide to Marriage Life, showing 150 Engravings; Birth, How, Why, What, and the relations of Sexes. Send $1 bill to PAUL LEE & CO., Brooklyn, New York.

SALESMEN WANTED—Positions permanent, with $ salary, after 30 days' successful trial. Eureka Key-hole Guard, the best invention of the age. Everybody uses them. $5 to $10 daily easily made at home. Outfits mailed, with instructions, on receipt of 50c. Empire Co., 12 Chambers st., New York.

STOCK IN MINNESOTA.—From an exclusive Land company, Minnesota is being rapidly transformed into the finest Stock and Dairy State in the Union. Cheap lands still obtainable, convenient to railroad. Particulars free upon application to C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

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The following books are of our own publication and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book store prices and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friend every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we give for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list:

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This book by John McElroy, who was 18 months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has just been enjoyed by four very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers, in the military prisons. Regular price, $1. We now send it by mail for $1.25. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

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BLADE, Toledo, O

100 Blade Sewing Machines GIVEN AWAY.

We are determined this season to pay club agents more liberally for their work than ever before paid by any newspaper. The BLADE is so well known, and so well circulated in every part of the United States, that it is the easiest paper to canvass for. We invite every canvasser to write us for our "Confidential Terms to Agents," which we are now mailing broadcast. Our terms allow the largest cash commission, for very small clubs, ever paid by us or any other dollar weekly newspaper. In addition to our liberal cash commission, we herewith announce that we shall give one of our Blade Sewing Machines to every agent who will, between now and May 15th, send us two hundred yearly subscriptions for the Blade. The plan is simple. We only ask that subscriptions be sent in small clubs at a time—as directed in our "Confidential Terms"—as fast as the names are taken. If on or before May 15th the total number of names sent reach two hundred, we will ship the Sewing Machine. The agent will, therefore, earn nearly $100.00 value for a very small amount of work. This is certainly worth working for, and we expect a large number of agents to enroll themselves in this work. Write us for our "Confidential Terms to Agents," and say that you wish to be enrolled for the Machine competition. In sending clubs, number your names as you send them, from 1 to 200. Please bear in mind that under this proposition we pay agents a very large cash commission, whether they earn a Sewing Machine or not. We offer the Sewing Machines as an inducement to those agents who will continue their canvass during the season, and beyond a single club. Send for specimen copies and go to work at once. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

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Full of new ideas and valuable information. Although actually worth many dollars to growers, a copy will be mailed free to any person who will send two stamps and the address of three or more extensive Cabbage, Cauliflower or Celery-growers. Address

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D. KNIGHT CARTER, TOLEDO, O.

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We have arranged to club the BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

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Harper's Bazar	4 00	4 25
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 25
New York Ledger	3 00	3 25
Scientific American	3 20	3 60
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 50
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 00
Am. Bee Journal	1 00	1 85
Rural New Yorker	2 00	2 60
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake	3 00	3 20
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 55
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 05
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 35
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 10
Arthurs' Home Magazine	2 00	2 50
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 25
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	2 00
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	3 50
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	2 50	3 00
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 05
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2 55
Peterson's Magazine	2 00	2 40
The Century	4 00	4 55
Scribner's Monthly	3 00	3 50
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We stipulate that we must receive AT THE SAME time one subscriber to the BLADE for each copy of any other paper ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, or even to the same postoffice.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

$300 REWARD For information that will lead to the discovery of the whereabouts of the following described lost property: Where in the Bible is the word Girl found? Answer Book, Chart, and Verse Sent Free. Send this morning's date. Correct answer received this morning will receive $25, the third $10, the fourth $5, the fifth $3, the next 10 $2 each, and the next 10 $1 each. If you do not get the first award you may be in the second or third, but were chance is good for the first prize. Send 10c. for trial 3 months sub

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

NOT LIKE A DOLL.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

"Mrs. Cleveland, you have added another to your list of virtues," said an honorable Senator to the wife of the President the other day.

"An Act of Heroism," read the head lines of one paper, when giving a telegraphic report of an incident occurring at the White House recently. "Great Presence of Mind," said another, referring to the same thing. "Remarkable Courage," read a third; "Wonderful Bravery," chirruped a fourth in type, and so on through a long list of journals, whose words of praise were moderate or intense, according to the gallantry of the telegraph editor that day.

Now, what was it all about? Naturally, if one did not know, imagination would paint some rare, heroic deed that made the blood tingle to the very finger tips with the thrill which its conception caused; some deed which involved a great sacrifice, or the meeting of danger for others; some act of generous daring, to be told in song and story, when almost certain death was faced in order to save life or honor. I remember just such headlines when was described the self-immolation of the heroic engineer who would not leave his post in the face of a swiftly approaching and terrible death, because there was the ghost of a chance of preserving those in his charge; similar ones when telling the story of the brave girl who crept over the broken bridge above a raging torrent, in the storm and darkness, to keep an approaching train from plunging into the abyss; so, reading those I speak of in last Sunday's papers, what wonder that we looked for something that would thrill the very soul with admiration at some grand act of courage and self-abnegation.

I do not know how it seemed to other women, but I felt humiliated and belittled when I found all this blare of journalistic trumpets was called forth by the simple fact that the fringe of a towel or napkin in the hands of Mrs. Cleveland caught fire, and she threw it down upon the floor and stamped it out with, as several papers phrased it, her "shapely foot." Probably, if said pedal extremity had been fashioned with less regard to beauty, the fire would not have been so obliging about going out, but rather proceeded to lick up the White House and its contents without more ado. The shape of a foot is always a very important factor in the extinguishing of a fire in that way, and too much prominence can not be given to the fact.

Mrs. Cleveland exhibited no more presence of mind or courage than many another of her sex does in her own quiet home, and no one dreams of aught unusual. If the putting out of every towel that catches fire in the hands of a woman, constituted a heroine, what a nation of grand characters this would be. If Mrs. Cleveland has the good sense that I take her to have, notwithstanding the newspaper talk of reporters and correspondents who do all that is possible to make her out an idiot, she will not fail to be disgusted with this magnifying of a simple act, dictated by common sense, carried out, it is true, with praiseworthy self control. She cannot help knowing that it is no more heroic than deeds done every day by hundreds of women in our land, and that it was not the act itself which called forth such panegyrics, but they were sung because she was a pretty woman and the wife of the President.

It is this sickly sort of thing which every sensible woman should protest against and resent, because it simply perpetuates the old rag-doll idea of her character, or the fiction of the ivy and the oak, which hard realities have about relegated to the fables of the past. Probably there are "clingers" who would hold on to a burning towel and scream, or use her "shapely" feet in running away, but Mrs. Cleveland is not of that sort. Being really womanly, and sensible, such mock heroics are the more exasperating, because, from her position, she necessarily, as she knows, represents her sex in this country before the world.

In very truth, Mrs. Cleveland has reason to complain of the treatment she has received from the press of the country ever since she has been the lady of the White House. She has been faded to the skies for the most trifling act, until one wonders if she does not feel that it was expected she would be a fool, and the delight at finding that she had as good sense as the majority of girls is so great that it must find expression. Does she eat, does she drink, does she lie down, does she sit up, does she change her dress, does she go out shopping, does she smile pleasantly, does she speak courteously, some correspondent is at hand to telegraph it all over the country or describe it at length in a letter. The desire for details of the private life of public persons has surely had full gratification in her case. Little has been heard about her dignity of character, or of those traits which should belong to the first lady of the land.

We have had true women before presiding in the White House; grand women—women who walked unfalteringly forward in the path of duty which this position pointed out to them, though ambition did not crave its publicity. There have been beautiful women too, but never one of all has been made the object of so much sentimental adulation in the journals of the day, as this girl, yet in her early twenties. And it is humiliating to all womankind to know, it is just because she is so young and so pretty that this shower of sugar plums has been thrown upon her, and not in the least that she excels in womanly virtues, though no doubt possessing them in no ordinary degree. The most brilliant poet or scholar the world knows; the greatest statesman; the most self-denying philanthropist; the most wonderful artist, may not begin to occupy the attention of the public as has the recently emancipated school-girl wife of Mr. Cleveland.

I said it was humiliating to all women. I should have gone further and said to all people who believe that true nobility of character should rate beyond all other things in winning the admiration of the world; that a people can only move onward and upward whose ideals are not merely those of sense, but higher and nobler—ideals that may be reached only by the struggles, the work, and the self-abnegation that always help to make better men and women.

In writing these things, I am impelled by no desire to criticise Mrs. Cleveland. She has borne herself well in a difficult position—no better perhaps than hundreds of other young women would have done, or are doing in places quite as difficult but of a different character. She has directly added to the popularity of her husband, which is what every true wife likes to do, and she has made few, of what might be termed, official mistakes. She has, in short, fulfilled the public duties of the President's wife well, but as these duties were known to belong to the position which she voluntarily assumed, this fulfillment does not make her a heroine of romance, nor alone give her a title to national reverence.

Mrs. Cleveland has presided in the White House almost three years, and one year more, at least, of official life remains to her. It will be a pity if she cannot be treated for that time as a woman, noble and true, a veritable queen, deserving of the respectful regard of the nation, and not like a toy baby, to be admired for her pretty face and shapely feet, whose praises are to be sounded by the tin trumpet blare of a penny side-show.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Combing Sacque.—One of the most convenient articles, and at the same time easily made, is this garment for the shoulders, to be used during hair dressing. It can be made of a yard and a half of butcher's linen, or a towel can be used for the purpose. The linen should be fringed at both ends, then fold it together, leaving one part a little longer than the other. Cut the shorter side in the middle up to the fold. Hollow an opening at that point fitting the neck. Face the fronts down for the buttons and button holes. Etch appropriate designs upon each side, such as a comb and brush, a suitable motto, etc., bind the neck, and put a ruffle of lace or embroidery around it, and it is done. The towel is treated the same way as the linen, only the decoration will have to accord with what is already upon the towel.

The pamphlet "Fancy Work and House Decoration" will be sent for 15 cents until what is left of the last edition is exhausted. Address Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.—ED.

Husk Mat—Split each husk in two, three or four strips, as the mat may be desired in quality; after dampening in water, commence braiding a three strand braid with a bunch of six or nine strips tied together with a cord. After it is started, keep adding, braiding in the small ends. Sew it together with cord.—MRS. LENHART.

DECORATIVE WORK ON FABRICS.—*Sofa Pillow Design for Brown Velvet or Black Satin.*—This pattern, No. 397, consists of a spray of wild roses, daises and forgetme-nots very gracefully arranged. The design is suited to either painting or embroidery. Stamp with white powder. If you place the design on velvet, hold the wrong side of the goods in front of a fire until the stamping is set or will not rub. If on satin, lay soft paper over the design and press with a medium hot iron. Fasten the goods to a painting board neatly and firmly with thumb tacks. To paint design on velvet, three red sable brushes, Nos. 2, 8 and 12, will be needed. Cut the No. 8 and No. 12 brushes on the sides and at the point until brushes are firm and pointed. Bristle brushes will do for velvet work, but they are not so good as the sable ones "stubbed." Turpentine and a little pale drying oil is necessary for mixing the paints. The following tube oil colors will also be needed: Rose madder, silver white, chrome green No. 1, high zinnaber green, chrome yellow No. 1, burnt sienna, lemon yellow and permanent blue. Give a thin coat of white to all your leaves, stems and blossoms first. To do this add to silver white two or three drops each of pale drying oil and turpentine, then apply paint. This will soon dry, when the natural shades may be laid on. Paint the daises white with faint touches of pink, made by adding a very little rose madder to white. When the daisy petals are dry paint the centers with chrome yellow, shading in a little burnt sienna. Paint the forget-me-nots with permanent blue, to which white has been added until the shade is a light, delicate blue. Make the center of the forget-me-nots with lemon yellow, using the No. 2 brush. Paint the bases, stems and chalices of buds with two shades of green, made by using chrome and zinnibar green. For a still lighter shade work in a little lemon yellow. Do not apply paint heavily on velvet; use just enough of the oil and turpentine to render the paint smooth. Paint the petals of roses and the tips of buds with the rose madder to which a little white has been added. Vary the shades by adding more madder to some petals. The little oval in the center of wild roses is made with chrome green. The stems radiating from this are made with lemon yellow, but the shade should be painted until perfectly dry. A full catalogue of choice patterns adapted to either painting or embroidery sent on receipt of four cents postage. Questions answered if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; n, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Sew Tooth Edging.—Cast on 10 stitches, knit across plain—2d row—k6—o—n—(k 2 tog)—k 1—o—k 1. 3d and every alternate row—Purled. 4th row—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—k 3. 6th row—k 4—o—n—k 1—o—k 5. 8th row—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—k 3—o—n—k 2. 10th row—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—k 4—o—n—k 3. 12th row—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 5—o—n—k 2. 14th row—k 2—o—k 3—o—k 6—o—n—k 5. 16th row—k 2—o—k 7—o—n—k 6. 18th row—k 1—o—k 1—*o—n—repeat from *to end of row. 20th row—k 2—o—k 1—*o—n—repeat. 21st row—b off 10 stitches—p 10. 22nd row—plain. 23d row—purl. Repeat from 24 row.

Lady's Crocheted Hood.—These directions are very simple, and the hood is very pretty. Make a foundation ch of about 45 stitches, first ch—4 dc in 1 st—miss 3 sts—4 dc in next st—repeat until you have 10 shells—2 ch—1 sc in last st of ch; 2d row—ch 10 very loose—1 sc between 1st and 2d sh—repeat until the end of the row—after last ch of 10, 1 sc between sh and foundation ch—turn; 3d row—2 ch—4 sh in sh—1 sh in next sh—repeat to end of row—2ch—1 sc between 1st and 2d sh. The row until the work is long enough to reach from one side of the head to the other—crochet another piece 10 shells wide until perfectly square—fold the side piece into halves, then into quarters—pin one corner of the square to the middle of the side—one corner to each quarter fold—and the last corner to the two side corners—crochet or sew them together, holding the top a little full.

For the Tail.—One sh on sh for 4 sh—then 1 sh on sh—1 sh between sh until within 4 sh of end of row—1 sh on sh to end of row—repeat from 2d row for 4 rows—add another ball—fasten wool in 8th sh—1 sh on sh until within 8 sh of end of row—turn—make ch between shells just made—break off wool—proceed with 1st ball—the hood should be lined.—MAY FROST, Bloomington, Ind.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY C. S.

O hear my plea and give me love;
'Twill cost you naught of glittering gold,
And I with interest will repay
You all it costs a hundred fold.
O keep not back the tender word
Which brings the love-light to the face,
Until the hungry heart is still
And folded close in death's embrace.

Heap not my coffin high with flowers
And on my cold lips kisses rain;
For if you love me love me now,
While I can love you back again,
And bring no casket softly lined,
Nor place within my hand rare flowers,
If you the precious love withhold
That would make glad life's passing hours.

When I am dead, though burning tears
Fall on my face like summer rains,
They will not warm the frozen blood,
And send it coursing through my veins.
And though you call with loving words,
Your earnest prayers and sorrowing cries,
Will fall unmeaning on deaf ears,
And bring no love-light to blind eyes.

If costly monument must stand
Above my still unconscious clay,
Make it emblem of my life
So hard and cold and gray.
Upon its polished surface fair,
Write not false words of grief,
But write with letters plain and deep,
A starved heart lies beneath.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OTHER SIDE.—I have been reading our respected "M. D.'s" harrowing tale of one woman's sufferings from neglect from the hands of him who should have her best interest at heart. And while my heart goes out in sympathy to all so situated, yet I feel called upon to say a few words upon the "other side" of the question, if you will grant me time and space.

Now, let me begin by stating that my husband is prone to his evening nap—terrible as it may appear. Seated by the fire in his easy chair, after being out in the storm or shine through the day, sleep, like a roaring lion, devours his weary senses. Do I sit and moan my dreary lot? Well, no, I can't say I do, I have too many things to occupy my mind. I may get a little indignant sometimes, and give him a gentle reminder of my presence; when with a desperate effort, he lifts the sleepy lids, and tries to reform. But alas! futile effort, down they go again, and soon he is in the land of Nod. The house is very quiet—the children are asleep—and with my sewing, knitting or reading, I pass a very comfortable evening. Solitude and I are friends—to the degree that I never get lonely. My thoughts are my companions. My work, my writing, my reading are boon companions. I ask no better.

Now don't think me unsocial. Far from it. No one enjoys a visit to or from friends—a friendly chat, better than myself. But in this day of womanly independence, of cheap books, of fascinating fancy work, and even of homelier tasks, why despair? It is true woman must have the love of her husband to be truly content. But why place so much stress upon it? Why center the whole soul upon an endearing word or glance? Truly that is idolatry, and the idol worshipper may well beware! The idol will as surely go to pieces, as there is a "jealous God" to condemn and destroy, as well as to pardon and save.

It is well enough to love our husbands, but O, let it not be idolatry.

Then, I think the woman is naturally too self-concentrated. Self concentration, if allowed to run riot, ends in selfishness. I know from experience, therefore I know whereof I speak. When a bride, I was jealous of every look, word and act of my husband. And if I could not appropriate them all to my own sweet self I was terribly grieved. How narrowly I watched for neglect. And as it was entirely lacking in reality, didn't I imagine and conjure all sorts of things with true wifely jealousy? But years have brought experience and common sense. I am so sure of my husband's love that I have forgotten to fret about it. I don't expect him to be always making love to me—I don't want him to. I do not expect him to act as he did when he courted me. It would seem silly. How would it look for him to jump the minute I entered the room, cast a look of excruciating fondness upon me, and hurriedly offer me a seat? Or to be so very sensitive of my approach that he would literally "shake in his boots" with eagerness to please me or to gain my attention for a for a moment.

Dear me! I laughed at him then and I should laugh at him now, were he so ridiculous." "There is a time for all things." Youth is the time for folly, age for good common sense. Only let there be a good and firm understanding between husband and wife, and what matters a little wholesome indifference, now and then, upon either side? I say, "It is a poor rule that won't work both ways." Of course, when it comes to downright and open neglect—such a man has no business with any wife short of a tartar. O, ye sensitive, clinging vines of downtrodden femininity!

Take heart! Cheer up! There are other and grander objects in life to live for than the selfish brute before you. There are higher and and purer spheres wherein to let loose the mind, the soul, than the sphere of one selfish man's affection. Rise up and assert your independence, even though surrounded by the trammels of circumstances. Give rein to thoughts and interests above your narrow sphere. And more especially, "let the love of Christ abound in you," and my friends, life will be no blank. No, though you be buried in obscurity—away from friends, separated from congenial society, or like myself, a sufferer from ill-health—yet do not despair! There are dark hours in every life. Hours when the light of Heaven seems extinguished. But only rise out of the depths, and lo! you rise into a higher and purer atmosphere of soul existence. Overcome self. Forget to seek or expect happiness, and happiness will come to you—if only in the knowledge of rising above the wave—of stemming the tide.

You say it takes a strong heart, a strong mind to do this? Ah, me! the weakest hearts have, by the grace of God, fought such battles. When we remember that earthly ties however dear, must sooner later be severed, does it not stand us in hand to "fix our affections upon things above, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break thro' and steal."

At the same time we would say "Husbands, love your wives" for the wife is the truest friend this side of heaven to find upon earth. Dishonor, neglect her, and you neglect your own flesh and blood—your best interests.—M. IDA SMITH.

FROM THE DEN.—The present is an age of broken engagements. Vows spoken with seeming sincerity to-day will, to-morrow be lightly broken and the escapade as lightly laughed over.

Can it be that we are becoming insincere and careless as to the moulding of even every day lives? Go into the infant school and you will hear a little girl say to her friend: "Yes, Maud, I'll do it, honest true, I'll come to your house at 10. I'll be there without fail." Well, Maud remains at home. The hour arrives but brings no friend. In the afternoon the girls meet and this dialogue occurs: "Why didn't you come" "Oh," says No. 2, "I felt too lazy and really didn't think you would expect me." It is a little thing of course; but that habit, if not checked, will grow into a mountain, that will in some future day cause grief, in more ways than one.

After a few experiences of such a nature, one is apt to hesitate even, over the word of a reliable person and should anything happen that the promise is unfulfilled, you are not all astonished, it was something partly expected. Perhaps I am peculiar in this respect and your circle of readers will call me cynical. I plead guilty to that last, for in no way wholly to blame as circumstances have helped make me so. When a person makes an agreement with me I consider it a bond of sacredness. If anything prevents fulfilling the law, I go to that party and tender explanations.

The first time I found out that people had no intention of doing as they said, was in this wise: I was a girl when I entered boarding school and had for a roommate a young lady of very pious inclinations. I thought her an angel of goodness and was ready to go through fire and water if she willed it so. One night, upon retiring, she stood before the mirror brushing her beautiful adornments, and lamenting that the tresses were not so abundant as she wished. Suddenly turning, she asked me if I would join her in brushing hair fifteen minutes every night. Yes, was given, and we sealed the compact by the usual hand-shake, for quoth she, "I mean earnest business." The next day she was called away, and was absent nearly a month. Meanwhile, during that fortnight I had brushed that everlasting hair of mine fifteen minutes every night. It was a real cross to bear; for oft times I was so sleepy, tired and cross I couldn't see which way I was brushing.

Upon her return, we commenced the old routine again. But that night, while brushing away with many a like resignation, Gyp's exclamation of surprise caused me to drop the brush and her—"Is it possible you have been doing that ever since our contract?" petrified me dumb. I finally articulated: Of course, Miss Excitement, haven't you? "Why, no, I scarcely thought of it after I left; you take people too much in earnest."

I stood, a monument of amazement, and suppose my face pictured my feelings, for they were painful, I assure you. My friend looked grave as she said: "Margy, you will not be here long before you will learn not to trust our lip phrases However, I wish I had kept that contract with you, because it is not only right, but you count so much on the 'little things,' and are bitterness itself against broken words. I will never break another covenant with you." She never has; I trust her thoroughly. Still, try as I will, I cannot place the boundless faith in her, I once did and I know she will not fail me. Her words proved true. I now trust no one, therefore, am never disappointed. Yes, the affair itself was small; hardly worth mentioning. But right here, in that old school building, I received an impression, which I have never been able to shake off. Only yesterday I received a letter from that loved room mate, in which were these words:—"Margy, I need not freshen your memory as to that 'hair contract' made in the longago" Your grieved face of that night haunts me still. Even now, I would give much to mend that broken promise with you. I date my reform in "little things" from that hour and now find as you did then and I trust do now, that it is the 'little things' that round up our lives into the great and complete whole."—C. D. L.

PEKIN DUCKS.—Seeing in the BLADE some time since a request for information in regard to raising Pekin ducks, I would like to hear what some one else would say, but as I have not seen anything yet I will tell you how I raise them. I will say to the housekeepers now is the time to begin to lay up for your spring ducklings. I save all the bits of waste breadcrusts and dry bread (that I can't make pudding or toast of.) I hang up a flour sack and drop them in. My husband or son goes to the baker and engages all his waste bread or crackers. All go in my flour sack. You can get waste bread at almost any hotel. When my ducks hatch, I pour hot water on some of my stale bread and feed them, always giving them a basin of water. They eat but little at a time, and must be fed often. Always keep feed where they can get it, but never put in much at a time, for they will dirty it or it will sour. Don't feed them soured food. Never feed little ducks corn meal until they are at least a week old. If you do your ducks will droop, draw their heads down between their shoulders, go tilting along, and if they live, which few of them will, they will not thrive. I have had a good deal of experience raising Pekin ducks, and been very successful. My little ducks look bright and plump, while others, fed on meal, droop and die. I never let mine in running water till full feathered.—MRS. MARY E. READ, Humboldt, Kan.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one give the best way of bleaching cotton or linen grown yellow with long disuse?—MRS. O. FAYETTE, Dubuque, Iowa.

Will some members of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what to do to keep my hair from falling out? My scalp has a dry, scaly dandruff that comes on as soon as cleared off and itches continually, and I also have salt rheum on my hands. I would be glad to have a cure for both.—MOUNTAIN FLOWER.

The following excellent cure for salt rheum is given in "Health and Beauty," advertised elsewhere in this paper: Take of fresh lard, when melted, enough to make a half teacupful. To this add a small handful of the green (inner) bark of the common-elder—the kind which produces the berries—and simmer the same until the lard becomes of a green color. Then, with a fork, remove the bark, and allow the lard to cool, when it will be ready for use. Apply at night, covering the hands, if used upon them, with a pair of kid gloves. In the morning wash with *soft* water and pure castile soap—the white is the best. A small quantity of Epsom salts, dissolved in milk, may be taken the morning of the second days' application of the ointment.—ED.

I would like a home in small family living in Lamar, Mo., or Cherryvale, Kan.—MISS B. S.

I have some white handled knives which have turned yellow by use. Can any of the ladies tell me what will remove the yellow and make them white again?—ANNA E. LEE.

Will you please ask through the columns of the HOUSEHOLD if any of its readers belong to a Sabbath-school that have old papers saved up, that they would be willing to send to a poor Sabbath-school out West, that are not able to buy their papers? Address S. W. SLOAN, Box 24, Edmond, Norton county, Kan.

Will some reader please send another remedy for bronchitis? Soda and water and charcoal did me no good.—CONSTANT READER.

Will some of the kind readers of the HOUSEHOLD please send a good recipe for making peanut candy? Also one for making pulled molasses candy.—K. F. H.

Will some one give the postoffice address of the widow of the late William H. Vanderbilt as I wish it very much? Will some one please give a remedy for dyspepsia and heart disease?—R. C., Mattie, Bedford county, Pa.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE tell me through its columns of any remedy for sweaty and offensive feet? Continual washing does not effect a cure.—A SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

In reply to lady from Maxwell, Iowa, who failed to sign name to her letter, will say that Holland has a thin coat of paint put on it just as canvas has a background applied before putting on the landscape. Put the paint on with a good sized brush, then blend it well with a No. 2 blender. After painting on wood is dry, give a thin coat of varnish. All letters of inquiry should have full name of writer, town, county and state signed to them and postage for reply.—E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

Seeing several cures given in the BLADE in answer to inquiry for constipation, I will send one that cured me. Drink a teacupful of hot water with a teaspoonful of salt stirred into it about a half hour before breakfast; also be very careful of the diet; eating fruit, cold bread and vegetables. No meat, pie or cake should be eaten. Neither tea nor coffee should be drank. It make take some time to effect a cure, but persevere in the treatment, surely help you. Buttermilk is also a great help if drank in warm weather.—X.

I wish to thank the many friends through the colums of the BLADE for the cough remedies sent to me, but they were too late. God called the dear one to his heavenly home.—MRS. ELIZA SMALLEY.

To "May Flower." Wash your face thoroughly with white castile soap, then wet and rub in four or five times a day from solution: One ounce borax dissolved in one quart hot water. Bottle and keep for use. I think in a month your skin will be as smooth and clear as any one's.—NEW COMER.

In answer to Mrs. L. F. Maloy, I will tell how I keep my pickles and they are ready for use at any time. Let lay in salt water over night, drain off and pack in your jars closely as possible, then prepare the vinegar. To one quart of vinegar, 1 pound of sugar, chop up horse radish, about a table spoonful of pieces of cloves and cinnamon, boil and pour over your pickles and seal over and they will keep just splendidly. Watermelon rinds are pickled the same way, only cook the rinds in the vinegar and sugar till tender. We think they are excellent.

I want to tell the sisters my way of keeping eggs. I think it cheaper and easier than any I have read of. Take any box or barrel, cover the bottom two inches deep with oats, stand the eggs on the small end, one-half inch apart, cover with oats carefully and put in another layer being careful to have them at least half an inch from the bottom layer. Cover tight to keep out mice and frost from the cellar bottom and they will keep six months and be as nice as fresh ones. Oats do not gather moisture.—NEWCOMER, from Wisconsin.

If the person who asked, in a few numbers back, in the BLADE, in regard to some music, will send her name and address to Box 411, Rich Hill, Mo., I will furnish the information desired.

How I feed my mocking birds, and they are lively singers. I feed them almost everything that we eat, that is not salt, or too sour. Beefsteak, only I give them theirs raw, chopped fine (never greased pork); the yolk of hard boiled eggs, with boiled potatoes, bread, crackers, sweet cake (if it is not very rich), apples, berries all kinds but cranberries, they are too sour), dried currants all the time, as they are a good corrective. When I make light bread and rub dough off my hands in little bits, they will fly around and chipper till I give it to them. I give them nuts, cracked, besides all the bugs, worms and spiders I can get. No, spiders will not hurt them, they are their natural food. In the spring, give them an ant egg now that they will eat, plenty of clear water and sand; keep the cage clean, and the birds are happy.—MRS. MARY E. READ, Humbold, Kan.

In answer to "I. C.," who is troubled with numbness and lack of circulation in her feet and hands, I have been suffering for two years with the same until lately. Last winter I was unable to do any work. I had no rest when lying down, day or night. In June I made a liniment—walnut liniment. I got the recipe from the BLADE. I have used it ever since, and am nearly well—a little numbness yet in one hand. If "I. G." wishes to know more about my case, send stamped and directed envelope to Box 180, Vieder, Macoupin county, Ill.

RECIPES.

Cream Pie.—1 cupful of cream, whipped till it foams, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of flour. Mix sugar and flour together, and add to the cream. It is delicious.—L. S.

Cocoanut Cake.—1½ cupfuls of sugar, 3 eggs (2 whites reserved for frosting), ¾ cupful of butter, ¾ cupful sweet milk, 2½ cupfuls of flour, 2½ teaspoonfuls baking powder mixed in flour. Make icing out of the 2 whites and sugar, and spread each layer with icing and cocoanut. Try it, for I never miss this cake, and it is good and easy to make.—MRS. A. J. K.

The following are commended to the lovers of the Omelet. They are from "Cheer:"

Breakfast Omelet.—Three eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls cream, ½ saltspoonful salt, 1 oz. butter. Beat the eggs, cream and salt lightly together until froth begins to rise, but no longer; pass them through the sieve, to break any hard bits of yolk, and cook according to general directions. This is called by the French "*omiette au naturel.*"

Asparagus Omelet.—Stew the tender tops of asparagus with a little butter and a slight seasoning of salt in a stew pan till quite hot; chop finely, put a tablespoonful into the omelet mixture, and cook as directed. Serve cauliflower in like manner.

Green Pea Omelet.—Stew till quite tender some young green peas in a little butter, salt and pepper to taste; spread a tablespoonful over the omelet when ready to turn, and finish as directed.

Corn Omelet.—Grate finely, so that there may be only the pulp of the kernels, as much boiled sweet corn as needful for the number of omelets wanted; mix a teaspoonful with the beaten egg and cook as directed. It requires to be watched carefully and cooked rapidly to prevent its sticking to the pan.

Tomato Omelet.—This may be prepared in three different ways: 1st, by adding raw tomatoes, chopped into dice, to the cooked egg just before turning, 2d, by using stewed tomatoes, which have been cooked down to a thick sauce, in the same way. 3d, by pouring over the omelet a dressing of stewed tomato at the moment of serving.

Cheese Omelet.—Grate an ounce of rich old cheese quite fine, sprinkle or sift it over the beaten egg, stir in lightly, together with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley or green sage, thyme, or sweet marjoram, and cook as directed for other omelets.

Bread Omelet.—Grate 2 ozs. of baker's bread and 1 oz. of lean ham, moisten the crumbs with a little cream, mix all with the beaten eggs, and cook as directed.

—"Best cure for Coughs and Colds is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Or Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CUBA, KAN.	Emma Ireland	Edna Lloyd
Wats'nGibboney	HIXTON, WIS.	BEAR VALLEY,
Frank Gibboney	Clara E. Lane	MINN.
FORT SCOTT, KAN.	Frank I Andrus	Earl N Beals
Millie Coffern	Mabel L Andrus	Earnest Beals
Inez Hulbert	LAFAYETTE, PA.	Harry Crow
Lowan'aHolem'n	Chas Stevenson	Irena Thorn
Essie Chapin	Jesse Stones	Hattie Crow
Maria Orr	Sammy Golden	Lefa Preble
Eva Ireland	Lewis Stewart	Jess Wiley
Clema Hubbart	RATHBONEVILLE,	Thomas Wiley
Lily Smith	N. Y.	Bertie Claflin
Rosa Hosley	Leroy Lloyd	DeWitt Reed
Ada Koles	Archie Lloyd	Dale Wiley
Junia Hosley		

Names this week, 35. Total 21,683.

The above embraces all names received up to January 12.

For the Young Folks.

A SONG.

BY C. S.

Come closer, my dear,
And list to a lay,
Which in fancy I heard,
One cold autumn day.

O sad little grasshopper,
Silent and lone,
Why sit shivering there
On that cold mossy stone?

With sad plaint in his tone,
With a tear in his eye
And a look of despair,
He made this reply:

"There's no song in the grove,
And no gold in the sky,
And bright crystal tears
On the buttercups lie.

"And I sit here alone
With my heart full of fear,
With my friend and companion
To solace or cheer.

"Oh, where are my comrades
So blithe and so gay,
Who frolicked with me,
Every bright summer day?

"We were care free and glad—
With no thought of the doom
That would come to our clan,
When the flow'rs ceased to bloom.

"No more summer days
Shall my eyes ever see—
And never again
Will the flow'rs bloom for me!"

"All these bright days are fled,
And my dear friends of yore
Are gone, aye, forever,
To return never more."

Then the poor little grasshopper,
So sad and alone,
Curled up his cold toes,
And dropped off the gray stone.

HARD LINES AND THE COUNTY LINE.

BY MARGARET EMMA DITTO.

CONCLUSION.

Gregory sent off this letter with a shout of exultation in his heart that swelled it nearly to bursting; his mother received it with a pang of hopeless collapse. She had wound up her heart to run till Christmas. Every purpose and plan of her little round was atune and attune to that promised joy. For that was the time the turkeys and chickens, dried the nuts in the attic, hoarded her jellies and fruits, and saved the choice of everything: for this she ran her lights and fires low, saying as she turned down the wick or chose a smaller stick, "We'll burn double when Gregory comes." Many times a day she lived in advance the day when he should be home, tall, so strong, so keen, so young, so all alive and her own, should come bounding up the road and burst into the cold and drear of her winter like a shaft of light ablcom with lusty summer; instead there should come a blast of desolation. She rose up and put joy away from her home; her heart was so fast that Christmas her joy was mourning.

Oh, Gregory Moore, you should have written a different letter. When you got your appointment, you should not have shied past Old Why with a muffled "Thank you, sir," and such a bashful air that he too grew embarrassed, and said, "Not at all," and looked either way as if he was the bother of you. You should have walked straight up to him, and asked him which way the county line was to go. Then he would have got out a map and traced it, and you would have found out that instead of striking off into space, it took its gentle way unseen, unheard, into the very heart of the Moore House Farm; that the Moore House people could henceforth hang their clothes on the county line and dry them, half and half in two counties. You would have found that you were to earn $12 a week and expenses, and that your mother need not distress herself about the January bills, for your glitter in the sun. No lace is so fine. Could any probability the county line, accompanied by the corps of engineers, your friends and associates—gentlemen all, but hungry, and six of them—would strike the knocker of the Moore House front door on New Year's morning, and a regular old-time befare the war dinner must be served that day. You should have put all this in your letter—the same number of words would have done it. Then your mother would have been spared her pain and tears. She would not then have sat alone that last night of the old year, a stick of wet firewood sputtering dismply on the hearth.

Hark! what comes by the window, the snow on his cap and the red blood in his cheeks?

Ay, weep for the sudden joy, little mother: fold your arms about his neck and drop for one blessed instant, dizzy and blind, upon his breast. Is he not your own? grown so tall, so broad, so masterful, in the four months! Oh, dear, the herd how he crunched out that cold-blooded little fire with his boot-heel, and what a magnificent old-fashioned roarer he sent crackling up the chimney! What an onslaught he made on the empty pantry! with what wonderful sleight of hand he went through bread box, cake box, cookie jar, cold meat pot! how he peered behind covers, and opened doors, and peeped into napkins! how he found out her secret, so carefully guarded.

"Mother, I see it all," he cried passionately; "you are thin and pale, you tremble with weakness, you are alone, working and denying yourself everything for me." The floodgates of confidence were open now between mother and son, their hearts flowed together, and on full tide the last hours of the old year floated blissfully away. Oh, blessed year that passeth thus from sight and sound! Vanish toil, pain, loss, perplexity, and petty trials! you are powerless before the might of that potent wand, the loving communion of trusting hearts.

"Lor! lor! Mis' Sally, de ha'nts done been here!" cried Gabriel next morning, bursting into the house, his eyes starting out from their sockets. "Der won' nood no chicken-feed dis mawnin', 'cos dar ain' nuthin' lef' but two tail fedkers, an' dey cyan't eat nuthin'. Der ain' no chickens, nor no turkeys—dey all stoled in de night."

It was true; not only had every fowl disappeared from the place, but the smokehouse lock had been broken, and of ham, bacon, and side meat there remained not a scrap. It was past 8 o'clock; the gentlemen would be here for dinner at 12 o'clock. Gregory had already invited them, and had come on in advance to give his mother notice, the situation was desperate. No poultry, no meat, no fish, no market, no cook, nobody on the place who could bestir themselves under a week's notice, and six gentlemen with out-door appetites imminent for dinner. Grex went first to Rastus's cabin, where he found Aunt Hetty stirring a seething pot of rabbit broth.

"De ole man catch 'em rabbits fo' my lil chillun's Christmas," she said; "'pears like de woods is leapin' wid 'em. I done hear dat Mis' Sally turkeys all done stole, and chicken done stole. I don' know nuthin' bout dat. You catch de rabbit, Marse Grex, I done meek yo' pie. Mis' Sally sutny don' lib strong dese days."

A rabbit pie was not a thing to be scorned under the circumstances, so this decided Grex to make a hurried tour of the gums. He knew the old haunts—the sort of places where traps were set: they are called gums in that section because they were formerly made from the section of a hollow hum tree; this was closed at one end by a piece of riven slab and at the other by sliding-door and triggers. The woods were full of game; a light snow had fallen, and the tracks were everywhere, but one after another they found the gums empty. It seemed a hopeless search.

"Don' no' use gwine down dat ole ma'sh road, Marse Grex," cried Gabriel, "'cos my fa'r don' set no gum down dar—he too pow'ful scare o' de ha'nts."

But Grex was not afraid of the haunts, so over the fence he went, and down the trail as fast as his top-boots would carry him. It certainly was a path, though where it led to and what kept it open was a mystery. Gabriel followed close behind, muttering and chattering. They came suddenly upon a small open space, and on the edge of this, at the foot of a tree, stood a trap, and a rabbit caught in the falling lid was struggling in the triggers.

"Garr! Garr!" rattled Gabriel, his eyes starting out in a frenzy of excitement. "He gittin' away. Kitch he hoof, Marse Grex—kitch he hoof."

Grex approached, cautiously holding back the bushes, and took a good grip on the rabbit's leg. Now he had him—how he had him not. A struggle, a scuffle, a kick, a jerk, and away springs the rabbit, maimed, limping, but getting over the ground. Away goes Grex after him, crashing through the sassafras bushes down the mysterious trail, Gabriel bringing up the rear with howls.

"Marse Grex, don' go no furrer; das de evil-spirited place."

But the rabbit and his pursuer bounded on from hummock to hummock till they reached an impenetrable place dark with low matted pines, and blocked with fallen logs. Here the rabbit stopped—poor, helpless, appealing little brute. He panted and dropped just as Gregory caught his foot in a root and pitched forward over a log, but instead of striking his head against the ground, something gave way, crashed, crackled, broke, dissolved, and went down, down, down. It was a singular hole, as deep as a grave, but larger, darker, than a grave. Grex was dizzy, stunned, and losing consciousness. He rallied, and thrust out groping hands. "Sprak, quok, walk," said a voice in his ear, but he did not know the language. A dark being of shadowy presence seemed to rise up and brood and hover over him. He reached out again to feel his way, and he touched, not damp clods of earth, not sharp rocks, but something soft, warm, tender, fluttering—a living creature. Oh, horrors! what was he among?—snakes? haunts? Were there two of them—dozens of them—there besides himself in this ghostly place?

"Dunno, Mis' Sally, sho nuff, wot got Marse Grex. He gwine 'long chase de rabbit down de ha'nt road. He gwine full tilt, an' den he ain' gwine nowhar; 'pears like de ha'nt drag him right unner

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Read Them.

We ask a careful reading of the communications in this week's BLADE FARM. You will find them good reading. The BLADE FARM family are taking hold of the farm department in a way that will result in good to all. A general variety of information is given this week by people who know just what they are writing about, and they tell it in a manner to be readily understood. There are many others who have useful ideas, and they should not hesitate to write it out for the BLADE FARM. Almost any one may spare a half hour or an hour in writing a brief communication, and in this way the sensible axiom, "help one another," will be verified.

Suffering From Catarrh.

B. F. S., Spearfish, Dakota: Your horse is evidently suffering from catarrh, the purulent discharge indicating that it has run for a length of time. Keep your horse in a well ventilated stall, and cloth him warmly but lightly. Give him a half ounce of the syrup of the iodide of iron every day for five days. Syringe up the nostril every morning with carbolic acid an ounce; water, three quarts. Put the feed where it will be lower than is usually given. Work the animal moderately. A bran mash three times a week should be given when you commence giving the syrup of iron. Feed good substantial feed.

Discharges From the Leg.

S., New York: In the case of the discharges from the leg of your mare, the new discharges might have been looked for until the medicine had fully performed its work. However, it may be a pretty bad case, and we recommend the following, which, we believe, will cure. Such cases at times are very persistent: First, give three drachms of powdered aloes and one ounce of bicarbonate of soda as a drench in a pint of water. Repeat this in a week's time. After the aloes has operated, place half an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water once a day for four days. Poultice the part with warm bran or linseed meal, after which wash with soap and water, and apply twice daily, washing each time before application with soap and water, this: Acetate of lead, one ounce; sulphate of zinc, half an ounce. We hardly think the cistern water caused the discharges, as it would have manifested itself in another way. By the time the BLADE reaches you the case may have improved. You must not expect a sudden cure. Do not allow the parts to come in contact with muddy water in driving. The leg must be kept from getting wet. It would be better to keep the animal well housed during treatment.

Distemper.

H. B., Cambridge, Ohio: For your aged mare that has recently recovered from distemper, something to improve the general strength is necessary. Take of sulphate of iron, three ounces; ginger, three ounces. Mix with enough common mass to make ten balls. Give one ball every day for a week; then give the remainder every other day. Give a bran mash every day during treatment. See to her teeth that they are all right. Give easily digested and strengthening food.

Crops in Certain Parts of Kansas—The Banks.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Thinking an item from this section of country might be of interest to some of your many readers, I submit the following, which is about the actual result of the crops throughout Jewell, Smith, Osborn and Mitchell counties: Wheat and rye counted a failure. However about one-fifth of the output was harvested, which made from 1 to 3 bushels per acre. Quality generally poor, and only fit for seed. Oats crop was also considered a failure, the yield which was poorer than that of wheat and rye. Corn also is considered a failure, a large acreage being planted, but at the close of the season the fodder was all that comprised the crop, yet there was an occasional field husked, yielding from 2 to 5 bushels per acre. Late rains, however, came in time to develope late sown millet, which made a fair crop, yielding from 1 to 2 tons per acre, but unfortunately for the generality of farmers there was but a very meagre output, the discouraging outlook for a crop to mature being the general cause or excuse. Late varieties of potatoes were as a general thing, of good size and yield, the early crop which brought the yield of the potato crop up to about one-third that of a full crop. Turnips, a full crop, also, which are being used in general for feeding purposes.

The abundant fall rains placed the ground in fine condition for seeding, and the acreage sown of wheat, rye and oats is fair, which got a fine start during the fall, and is, so far, looking well, but is in need of rain or snow at this time, as the ground is bare of snow and is cracking to a considerable extent from hard freezing.

Stock, as a general thing throughout the county, is being wintered on corn fodder and hay, but little grain being used. What corn and oats the farmers have, is being held for spring cropping, the result of which will undoubtedly be many poor, weak teams in the spring, which will do their owners poor service during the spring cropping.

Much suffering, no doubt, will be experienced throughout many localities before spring. Some very sad and deplorable conditions from hunger and cold have already been reported from smith county, and petitions to the governor of the state for assistance have already been circulated and sent in, the result of which is as yet unknown. Aside of above mentioned cases of privation and destitution can be laid at the doors of the local bankers. Total losses of crops made it impossible for many to pay interest on debts formerly made, at rates which in many instances were advanced from 1½ to 3½ and 4 per cent. per month, which brought foreclosures that took their last hog, cow and horse, which were sacrificed to satisfy the amount of the indebtedness, regardless of their actual worth. Hence the suffering, as their means of support was gone.—I. H. G. DOWNS, Kansas, January 6. [T. H. G. closes his communication with an allusion to banks as a necessary evil. He says that while the business facilities they afford to the people are appreciated on the one hand, their greedy disposition manifested in their rate of usury on the other, make them an evil among the people. He thinks the state usuary law a farce, and is as chaff in a gale. He thinks there should be greater restriction in our national banking system.—ED.]

Indigestion in Horses—Sweet Spirits of Nitre.

I am glad that E. Reynolds still has to hold the fort, as the BLADE issue January 5 brings forth two donors.

I have perused with interest H. G. Cope's missive on the care of horses' feet. Kansas horses seem subject to indigestion. I saved the first horse in this community that was saved by applying to the BLADE FARM a year ago. Since, I have cured horses by giving light food, easily digested, assisted by oil cake. In case is the best nutrition procurable, which I know of. My horses have passed through several sieges of distemper and pink-eye, and not taken it on account (I think) of having tar in their feed boxes to lick at, and some asafœtida given with the tar is better.

The Veterinary Surgeon of the BLADE FARM recommends the use of spirits of sweet nitre to a great extent. I have conf sulted several veterinary surgeons since I have lived in Kansas on that subject, and they claim nitre to be injurious to horses in this climate on account of it being too rigid on the urinary organs, and recommend instead the extract of buchu which I have used with good results. Will the veterinary surgeon of the BLADE FARM give his opinion through the BLADE FARM regarding that point.

I am going to try an experiment the coming season on raising corn. By cutting out every fifth hill in every fifth row after the corn has been planted twelve days, and planting four grains in its place, thereby having enough late blooms to overcome the deficiency caused by dry weather or too strong a wind. If any others should try it please report to the BLADE FARM next fall. —O. J. STOKES, Reeder, Kansas. [Mr. Stoker writes an interesting communication. He will pardon us for omitting one small paragraph referring to an application upon which there is a patent. As to sweet spirits of nitre, it is beneficial or injurious in any climate according to circumstances. Diuretics, or as they are called by veterinaries, "stealing" medicines, cause a good deal of weakness for the time. They stimulate the substance of the kidneys, therefore blood passes and liberate substances which pass off by the kidneys or free obstacles to the secretion of urine. Nitre should be used with care, and if Mr. Stokes has read the BLADE FARM weekly, (and we believe he has) he has seen where we have cautioned inquirers, who have fed condition powders too freely, against it. It is used considerably in febrile complaints, dropsy, and inflammation. We frequently advise a mild cathartic of linseed oil in which there is a little spirits of nitre, as in such case it does good, but only in cases where a diuretic is positively necessary is it recommended to be used to any extent, and then cautiously. As to buchu, it is a diuretic, and answers well where a diuretic is required. We shall be pleased to know how the experiment Mr. Stokes intends to make in corn planting turns out. It would be well for others to try the experiment, and report through the BLADE FARM.—ED.]

Interesting Facts.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—What to my notion makes a good farm is prairie two-thirds, timber one-third, joining, making enough to supply all wants, pasture, meadow and grain land.

Put up your hay in stacks with two horse rake out of winrows on a fork that is attached to a ricker, which throws it up on the rick by one horse. Then get out your threshing machine; thresh your grain and your neighbors; put your engine back in your shed again, where your saw mill and grinder is, and grind your feed and some for your neighbors. The sawmill is something that a farmer needs as well as a neighbor.

When you get your wheat sown, draw out your hay press and press your hay. Store it in your mow in good shape. When winter sets in, stable your cattle at night; turn them out in the day to your straw stack; grind your feed, give them a little twice a day with some hay. That will bring your cattle out in good position for spring grass.—F. H., Effington, Ill. ["F. H." will know why part of his communication was not printed, when we inform him that it was in the form of an advertisement.—ED.]

The Cause and Increase of Lameness.

The horses foot is by nature elastic, and while unshod expands and contracts according to the amount of weight thrown upon it in ordinary action, no man will dare deny. If elastic, therefore, the nailing of it down to an inexpansive, unyielding shoe with four nails on either side, its elasticity is not only impeded, but totally suspended thus by our present mode of shoeing nature's law is prevented and totally set aside. Consultany physician of ability and he will tell you that any device or appliance that obstructs the laws of nature changes the character and uses of the parts so interfered with, and to a greater or less degree incapacitated them for the active use nature has intended them for. For illustration, all muscular fibre, while used as contemplated by nature, will be found to continue in a healthy condition in both man and beast; but entirely suspend their action and use, and they will become atrophied (wasted) or sweenied, as it is sometimes called. Sweeny of the hip or shoulder of the horse is caused either by a sudden jar or bruise of the muscles of the hip or shoulder, or by being thrown into disuse by some cause, such as an injury to a foot, suspending the use of the limb for a considerable time, is a well known cause of a wasting of the muscles of the hip or shoulder of the horse the same as by inflammation.

Now then, we will see the difference, which is very trifling, between muscular fibre and the fibre of the foot or wall. The wall of the horse's foot is composed of a tubular fibre, produced by the coronary border. These fibres, as above remarked, are hollow and filled with an oily pigment, also produced by the coronary. These tubular fibres are glued or cemented together by another substance, also serrated by the same coronary border. In this way is the wall of the horse's foot produced. It will, therefore, be seen that the wall is composed of three different sections, each more or less of an oily gelatinous nature. Like the skin from which they are produced, and susceptible of being reduced in calibre by any cause which has a tendency to dry up their natural secretions.

Such being the fact it is not reasonable to expect that the same causes which result in atrophy of the muscular fibre should result in atrophy of the wall of the foot, namely, inflammation and inaction. While this atrophy, or contraction of the wall is progressing by failure of the wall to expand the sole, which must descend at every expansion of the wall, this is not all the action also, and as the wall further contracts the sole is forced upward, its arched form intensified, and the space alloted to the sensitive sole is thereby diminished to such an extent it is pressed between the pedal bone above it and the insensitive sole beneath it, so that pain is felt while standing still, and intense suffering when in motion, as the pedal bone coming down upon it at every step traveled, of which concussion and inflammation are the consequent results, and which, with inaction, are jointly the cause of contraction of the wall. It may be asked why inflammation and inaction should each have a share in the cause of contraction, if one does not, much in principle? I will answer, that inaction is the initiatory cause, and inflammation the secondary cause. The heat resulting in inflammation promotes the evaporation of the common secretions of the substances of the wall, just as heat evaporates and eliminates the secretions, or analagous to the sap of growing wood, causing it's calibre laterally but not longitudinally, both being fibrous. The position I take in this description may not be perfectly understood by a few shoers; certainly not by the majority of horse owners. To such, permit to say that the outer or insensitive sole and frog are produced by the constitutional or living organs, and also reproduced whenever we are forced to cut away diseased soles or frogs. They are produced from the blood in the sensitive organs. Thus, whenever the living organs above alluded to become inflamed by any cause, they, to a certain extent, fail to give forth the secretions of their respective namesakes and defenders, so the outer insensitive organs become hard and unyielding, as in contracted feet, and in intense contraction the outer frog is detached and the sensitive frog inflamed by being so pressed, and is often mistaken for thrush. The sensitive frog and sole therefore, are double acting organs, viz: by furnishing their protecting namesakes. In further proof of my position, if you cut down the outer sole about two-thirds its thickness and continue to cut you will expose quite a number of capillaries and empty them of their contents, and in about fifteen days the sole will assume its natural thickness minus the secretion that is so often complained of being left adhering to the sole when horses are being shod.

After what has been said in the above, any intelligent man will agree with me that our present mode of protecting the foot is a failure and less than a necessary evil, and that all attempts heretofore to permit the expansion of the foot have failed, to a certain extent, namely, tips, inclined plane, and shoes hinged at the toe; and it will be readily seen that the expensive shoes named have entirely failed to relieve the above-named cause—inaction and inflammation. Hence, what we need is to remove the above causes by sanitive treatment, not by brutal means, as is practiced by forcing the foot apart by mechanical means, and we would have fewer lame horses.—DR. F. ALBRIGHT, Veterinary Surgeon, Winters, Illinois. [Dr. Albright promises to give the readers of the BLADE FARM additional information on the subject above treated. What he says will prove interesting. Horse owners are benefited by information regarding the feet of the horse. As he speaks of sweeny or atrophy, the German readers will understand that the word sweeny is derived from the German word schwinden, to grow less, to disappear.—ED.]

Good Results from Sowing Rye.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—You say, "write;" "give your experience." Here is some of mine: I have had a little more and find I want much more yet!

RYE FOR GREEN MANURE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Our land is strong clay hillside. During the fall of 1885, I sowed some six acres of meadow which only cut two small loads of hay—about one ton. The ground was plowed out the first of September, harrowed down well and seeded broadcast. Seven bushels of seed were used. Plowed after the 6th of May, 1886, and planted to corn and potatoes. On account of dry weather and not rolling the corn came up slowly and made small stalks, but the corn was good, except where rye winter killed.

Last year I sowed the ground was sown to oats, and again showed heavier growth where the rye was good.

I noticed last fall in fitting the ground for a crop, that it plowed easiest weere rye was heaviest.

Fall of 1886 I sowed again for corn, potatoes and buckwheat. The corn was heaviest where rye was heaviest. The buckwheat was prime. I am satisfied, however, that rye is injurious for potatoes, as they cannot be planted deep enough, unless planted when plowing rye under.

I was so well satisfied last fall that I again sowed rye for next year's corn, buckwheat, etc., and shall continue, unless the crop gets to winter killing.

Why I sow rye instead of clover or other green crop:

First—It takes a year off crops for clover, or anything else.

Second—It costs only about one-third as much as clover seed.

Third.—Put in after the hurry of harvesting is over, it is ready to plow under any time after the first of the following May.

In conclusion, sow on light land from the first to the tenth of September; richer land later from the 15th to the 30th. One bushel to the acre is sufficient.

A roller is good for any crop in a dry season, and makes future work easier. The later the sowing the more seed required to make top. Ten crops winter kill where one smothers.

Use seed as clean as it can be made. It pays to re-clean any kind of seed sown.—X. WYSOX, Pa. [The above is at once practicable and sensible.—ED.]

—Do you suffer with catarrh? You can be cured if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Sold by all druggists.

TALMAGE'S 2D SERMON TO WOMEN.

"Marriage for Worldly Success Without Regard to Moral Character" the Subject—Men Who Pretend to Despise Religion Hypocrites.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 15.—In the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning, the Rev. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached the second of the series of sermons to the women of America, with important hints to men. The subject of the sermon was: "Marriage for Worldly Success Without regard to Moral Character," and the text was:

I Samuel xxv., 2: And there was a man in Maon, whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats.

Dr. Talmage said: My text introduces us to a drunken bloat of large property. Before the day of safety deposits and government bonds and national banks people had their investment in flocks and herds, and this man, Nabal, of the text, had much of his possessions in live stock. He came also of a distinguished family and had glorious Caleb for an ancestor.

But this descendant was a sneak, a churl, a sot and a fool. One instance to illustrate: It was a wool raising country, and at the time of shearing a great feast was prepared for the shearers; and David and his warriors, who had in other days saved from destruction the threshing floors of Nabal, sent to him asking, in this time of plenty, for some bread for their starving men. And Nabal cried out: "Who is David?" As though an Englishman had said: "Who is Wellington?" or a German should say: "Who is Von Moltke?" or an American should say: "Who is Washington?" Noching did Nabal give to the starving men, and that night the scoundrel lay dead drunk at home, and the Bible gives us a full length picture of him sprawling and maudlin and helpless.

Now, what was the man whom Abigail, the lovely and gracious and good woman, married—a tuberose planted beside a thistle, a palm branch twined into a wreath of deadly nightshade. Surely that was not one of the matches made in heaven. We throw up our hands in horror at that wedding. How did she ever consent to link her destinies with such a creature? Well, she no doubt thought that it would be an honor to be associated with an aristocratic family, and no one can despise a great name. Besides this, wealth would come, and with it chains of gold and mansions lighted by swinging lamps of aromatic oil, and resounding with the cheer of banqueters seated at tables laden with wines from the richest vineyards, and fruits from ripest orchards, and nuts threshed from foreign woods, and meats smoking in platters of gold, set on by slaves in bright uniform. Before she plighted her troth with this dissipated man she sometimes said to herself: "How can I endure him? To be associated for life with such a debauchee I cannot and will not!" But then again she said to herself: "It is time I was married, and this is a cold world to depend on, and perhaps I might do worse and may be I will make a sober man out of him, and marriage is a lottery anyhow." And when one day this representative of a great house presented himself in a parenthesis of sobriety and with an assumed geniality and gallantry of manner, and with promises of fidelity and kindness and self-abnegation, a June morning smiled on a March squall, and the great souled woman surrendered her happiness to the keeping of this infamous son of fortune, whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats.

Behold here a domestic tragedy repeated every hour of every day all over Christendom—marriage for worldly success without regard to character. So Marie Jeanne Chlipon, the daughter of a humble engraver of Paris, became the famous Mme. Roland of history, the vivacious and brilliant girl united with the cold, formal monotonous man, because he came of an affluent family of Amiens and had the prefix to his name. Thus Mary when, through political, this patriotic woman was led to the scaffold, around which lay piles of human heads that had fallen from the ax, and she said to an aged man whom she had comforted as they ascended the scaffold: "Go first, that you may not witness my death, frail," and then undaunted took her turn to die—that day was to her only the last act of a tragedy of which her uncongenial marriage day was the first.

Good and genial character in a man, the very first requisite for a woman's happy marriage. Mistake me not as depreciative of worldly prosperities. There is a religious cant that would seem to represent poverty as a virtue, and wealth as a crime. I can see in the distance both a thousand mansions where God is as much worshipped as he ever was in a cabin. The gospel inculcates the virtues which tend toward wealth. In the millennium we will all dwell in palaces, and ride in chariots, and sit at sumptuous banquets, and sleep under rich embroideries, and live 1,000 years, for, according to the Bible, in those times a child shall die 100 years old, the average of human life will be at least five centuries. The whole tendency of sin is toward poverty, and the whole tendency of righteousness is toward wealth. Godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come. No inventory can be made of the picture galleries consecrated to God, and of sculpture, and of libraries, and pillared magnificence, and of parks, and fountains and gardens in the ownership of good men and women. The two most lordly residences in which I was ever a guest had morning and evening prayers, all the employes present, and all day long there was an air of cheerful piety in the conversation and behavior. Lord Radstock carried the gospel to the Russian nobility. Lord Cavan and Lord Cairns spent their vacation in evangelistic services. Lord Congleton became missionary to Bagdad. And the Christ, who was born in an eastern caravansary, has again and again lived in a palace.

It is a grand thing to have plenty of money, and horses that don't compel you to take the dust of every lumbering and lazy vehicle; and books of history that give you a glimpse of all the past; and shelves of poetry to which you may go and ask Milton or Tennyson or Spenser or Thomas Moore or Robert Burns to step down and spend an evening with you; and other shelves to which you may go while you feel disgusted with the shams of the world, and ask Thackeray to express your chagrin, or Charles Dickens to expose the Pecksniffianism, or Thomas Carlyle to offer your indignation; or the other shelves where the old gospel writers stand ready to warn and cheer us while they open doors into that city which is so bright the noonday sun is abolished. There is no virtue in owning a horse that takes four minutes to go a mile, if you can own one that can go in a little over two minutes and a half; no virtue in running into the teeth of a northeast wind with thin apparel, if you can afford furs; no virtue in being poor when you can honestly be rich. There are names of men and women that I have only to mention and they suggest not only wealth but religion and generosity and philanthropy, such as Amos Lawrence, James Lennox, Peter Cooper, William B. Lodge, Shaftesbury, Miss Wolfe, and Mrs. Astor. A recent writer says that of fifty leading business men in one of our Eastern cities and of the fifty leading business men of one of our western cities three-fourths of them are Christians. The facts is that about all the brain and the business genius is on the side of religion. Infidelity is incipient insanity. All infidels are cranks. Many of them talk brightly, but you soon find that in their mental machinery there is a screw loose. When they are not lecturing against Christianity they are sitting in barrooms squirting tabacco juice, and when they get mad swear till the place is sulphurous. They can't talk or keep their equipoise, and at best will feel like the infidel who begged to be buried with his Christian wife and daughter, and when asked why he wanted such burial replied: "If there be a resurrection of the good as some folks say there will be, my Christian wife and daughter will somehow get me up and take me along with them."

Man may pretend to dispise religion, but they are rank hypocrites. The sea captain was right when he came up to the village on the sea coast, and insisted on paying $10 to the church, although he did not attend himself. When asked his reason, he said that he had been in the habit of carrying cargoes of oysters and clams from that place, and he found since that oysters have built the people were more honest than they used to be, for before the church was built he often found the load when he came to count it, a thousand clams short. Yes. Godliness is profitable for both worlds. Most of the great honest permanent worldly successes are by those who go according to God and the Bible, for what I do say is that if a man have nothing but social position and financial resources, a woman who puts her happiness by marriage in his hand re-enacts the folly of Abigail when she accepted disagreeable Nabal, "whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep, and one thousand goats."

If there be good moral character accompanied by affluent circumstances, I congratulate you. If not, let the morning lark fly clear of the Rocky mountain eagle. The sacrifice of woman on the altar of social and financial expectation is cruel and stupendous. I sketch you a scene you have more than once witnessed. A comfortable home with nothing more than ordinary surroundings, but an attractive daughter carefully and Christianly reared. From the outside world comes in a man with nothing but money, unless you count profanity and selfishness and fondness for champagne and general recklessness as part of his possession. He has his coat collar turned up when there is no chill in the air, but because it gives him an air of abandon, and eyeglass, not because he is near sighted but because it gives a classical appearance, and with an attire somewhat loud, a cane thick enough to be the club of a Hercules and clutched at the middle, his conversation interlarded with French phrases inaccurately pronounced, and a sweep of manner indicating that he was not born like most folks, but terrestrially landed. By arts learned of the devil he insinuates himself into the affections of that Christian home. All the kindrid congratulate her on the almost supernatural prospects. Reports come in that the young man is fast in his habits, that he has broken several young hearts, and that he is mean and selfish and cruel. But all this is covered up with the fact that he has several houses in his own name, and has large deposits at the bank, and more than all, has a father worth many hundred thousand dollars, and very feeble in health, and may any day drop off, and this is the only son, and a round dollar held close to one's eye is large enough to shut out a great deserts, and the match is moved will several bushels of dollars shut out?

The marriage day comes and goes. The wedding ring was costly enough, and the orange blossoms fragrant enough, and the wedding march stirring enough. And the audience shed tears of sympathetic gladness, supposing that the craft containing the two has sailed on a placid lake, and though God knows that they are launched on a Dead sea, its waters brackish with tears and ghastly with ghastly faces of despair floating to the surface, and then going down. There they are, the newly married pair in their new home. He turns out to be a tyrant. Her will is nothing, his will everything. Lavish of money for his own pleasure, he begrudges her the pennies he pitches out into her trembling palm. Instead of the kind words she left behind in her former home, now there are complaints and faultfindings and curses. He is the master and she the slave. The worst villain on earth is the man who, having captured a woman from her father's house and after the oath of the marriage altar has been pronounced, says, by his manner if not in words: "I have you now in my power. What can you do? My arm is stronger than yours. My voice is louder than yours. My purse is heavier than yours. My name is mightier than yours. Now crouch before me like a dog. Now crawl away from me like a reptile. You are not but a woman, anyhow. Down, you miserable wretch!" Can halls of mosaic, can long lines of Etruscan bronze, or statuary by Palmer and Powers and Crawford and Chantry and Canova, can galleries rich from the pencil of Bierstadt and Church and Kensett and Cole and Cropsey; could flutes played on by an Ole Bull or, pianos fingered by a Gottschalk, or solos warbled by a Sontag, could wardrobes like that of a Marie Antoinette, could jewels like those of a Empress make a wife in such a companionship happy?

Imprisoned in a castle! Her gold bracelets are the chains of a lifelong servitude. There is a sword over her every feast, not like that of Damocles, staying suspended, but dropping through her lacerated heart. Her wardrobe is full of shrouds for deaths which she dies daily, and she is buried alive, though buried under gorgeous upholstery. There is one word that sounds under the arches and rolls along the corridors, and sweeps in the felling fountains, and echoes in the shutting of every door, and groans in every note of stringed and wind instrument: "Woe! Woe!" The oxen and sheep in olden times brought to the temple of Jupiter to be sacrificed used to be covered with ribbons and flowers, ribbons on the horns and flowers on the neck. But the floral and ribbon decorations did not make the heart of the butcher's knife less faithful, and all the chandeliers you hang over such a woman, and all the robes with which you enwrap her, and all the ribbons with which you adorn her, and all the bewitching charms with which you embank her footsteps are the ribbons and flowers of a horrible butchery.

As to show how wretched a good woman may be in splendid surroundings, we have two recent illustrations, two ducal palaces in Great Britain. They are the focus of the best things that are possible in art, in literature, in architecture—the accumulation of other estates until their wealth is beyond calculation and their grandeur beyond description. One of the castles has a cabinet set with gems that cost $2,500,000, and the walls of it bloom with Rembrandts and Claudes and Poussins and Guidos and Raphaels, and there are Southdown flocks in summer grazing on the lawns, and the hunting of the stag at the doorways on the "first open day at the kennels." From the one castle the duchess has removed with her children because she can no longer endure the orgies of her husband, the duke, and in the other castle the duchess remains confronted by insults and abominations in the presence of which I do not think God or decent society requires a good woman to remain. Alas for those ducal country seats! They on a large scale illustrate, what on a smaller scale may be seen in many places, that without moral character in a husband all the accessories of wealth are to a wife's soul tantalization and mockery. When Abigail threw her husband, beastly drunk, as she comes home from interceding for his fortune and life, it was no alleviation that the old brute had possession in Carmel, and "was very great, and had three thousand sheep, and a thousand goats," and he the worst goat among them. The animal in his nature seized the soul in its mouth and ran off with it.

Before things are right in this world genteel villians are to be expurgated. Instead of being welcomed into respectable society because of the amount of stars and garters and medals and estates they represent, they ought to be fumigated two or three years before they are allowed without peril to themselves to put their hand on the door knob of a moral house. The time must come when a masculine estray will be as repugnant to good society as a feminine estray, and no coat of arms or family alabaster box will protect from ostracism a Lothario unchallenged among the sanctities of home life. By what law of God or common sense is an Absalom better than a Delilah, a Don Juan better than a Messalina? The brush that paints the one black must paint the other black. But what a spectacle it was when last summer much of "wintering place" society went wild with enthusiasm over an unclean foreign dignitary, whose name in both hemispheres is a synonym for profligacy, and princesses of American society from all parts of the land had him ride in their carriages and sit at their tables, though they knew him to be a portable lazaretto, a charnel house of moral putrefaction, his breath a typhoid, his foot that of a Satyr, and his heart a Gomorrah! Is it not time that men cannot stop but women may. Keep all such out of your parlors, have no recognition for them on the street, and no more think of allying your life and destiny with theirs than "gales from Araby" would consent to pass the honeymoon with an Egyptian plague. All this money or social position a bad man brings to a woman in marriage is a splendid despair, a gilded horror, a brilliant agony, a prolonged death, and the longer the marital union lasts the more evident will be the fact that she might better never have been born. Yet you and I have been at brilliant weddings where before the feast was over the bridegroom's tongue was thick, and his eye glassy, and his step a stagger as he clicked glasses with jolly comrades, all going with lightning limited express train ty the fatal crash over the embankment of a a ruined life and a lost eternity.

Woman, join not your right hand with such a left hand except from such an one no jewel for finger or ear, lest that sparkle of precious stone turn out to be the eye of a basilisk, and let not the ring turn out to be one link of a chain that shall bind you in never ending captivity. In the name of God and heaven and home, in the name of all time and all eternity, I forbid the bans! Consent not to join one of the many regiments of women who have married for worldly success without regard to moral character.

If you are ambitious, oh, woman, for influencing, why not marry a king? And to that honor you are invited by the monarch of heaven and earth, and this day a voice from the skies sounds forth: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." Let him put upon thee the ring of this royal marriage. Here is an honor worth reaching after. By repentance and faith you may come into a marriage with the emperor of universal dominion, and you may be an empress unto God forever, and reign with Him in palaces that the centuries cannot crumble or cannonades demolish.

High worldly marriage is not necessary for woman, or marriage of any kind in order to your happiness. Celibacy has been honored by the best being that ever lived and his greatest apostles, Christ and Paul. What higher honor could single life on earth have? But what you need, oh woman, is to be affianced forever and forever, and the bands of that marriage I am this moment here and now ready to publish. Let the angels of heaven bend from their galleries of light to witness while I pronounce you one—a loving God and a forgiven soul. One of the most stirring passages in history with which I am acquainted tells us how Cleopatra, the exiled queen of Egypt, won the sympathies of Julius Cæsar, the conqueror, until he became the bridegroom and she the bride. Driven from her throne, she sailed away on the Mediterranean sea in a storm, and when the large ship anchored she put out with one womanly friend in a small boat until she arrived at Alexandria, where was Cæsar, the great general. Knowing that she would not be permitted to land or pass the guards on the way to Cæsar's palace, she laid upon the bottom of the boat some shawls and scarfs and richly dyed upholstery, and then lay down upon them, and her friend wrapped her in them and she was admitted ashore in this wrapping of goods, which was announced as a present for Cæsar. This bundle was permitted to pass the guards of the gates of the palace and was put down at the feet of the Roman general. When the bundle was unrolled there rose before Cæsar one whose courage and beauty and brilliancy are the astonishment of the ages. This exiled queen of Egypt told the story of her sorrows, and he promised her that she should get back her throne in Egypt, and take the throne of the wifey dominion in his own heart. Afterward they made a triumphal tour in a barge that the pictures of many art galleries have called "Cleopatra's Barge," and that barge was covered with silken awning, and its deck was soft with luxuriant carpets, and the oars were silver tipped, and the prow was gold mounted, and the air was redolent with the spicery of tropical gardens and resonant with the music that made the night glad as the day. You may rejoice, oh woman, that you are not a Cleopatra, and that the one to whom you may be affianced had none of the sins of Cæsar, the conqueror. But it suggests to me how you, a soul exiled from palaces and pearls, may find your way to the feet of the conquerer of earth and sky. Though it may be a dark night of spiritual agitation in which you put out into the harbor of peace you may sail, and when all the wrappings of fear and doubt and sin shall be removed you will be found at the feet of Him who will put you on a throne to be acknowledged as His in the day when all the silver trumpets of the sky shall proclaim, "Behold the bridegroom cometh," and in barge of light you sail with him the river whose source is the foot of the throne and whose mouth is at the sea of glass mingled with fire.

AN AWFUL STORY.

The Murderers of the Rev. Mr. Ryan Lynched Innocent Men as a Blind.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Jan. 11.—The Rev. Thos. P. Ryan, a noted Methodist minister of this state, living in Roane county, about 40 miles from here, was brutally murdered in the presence of his family at his own home in October last. He had just returned from conference with some $400, and the purpose of the murder was evidently robbery. Within two or three days after that three young men, Robert and George Duff and Chester Coon were brutally lynched for the murder.

It has been the prevailing opinion that the lynchers and murderers were the same parties and that they lynched the innocent men to cover their own crime.

Since the events just stated took place detectives Alfred Burnet and Daniel Cunningham have been working up the case, and last night, for the first time, made public the facts in the matter. Cunningham says that about the time the war broke out a number of families came from Clinch River, Russell county, Va., and squatted on the Bruen estate without either buying or leasing the land, and a secret band was organized which was to run the neighborhood as it pleased and protect their "rights" as squatters.

Most of the arrests of the band since 1874 have been made by members of the Burnett family and by the Duffs.

In regard to the more recent doings of the band the names of 37 members, the password, etc., is given. The "consolidated band" had meetings every week, and every meeting they took a new oath to divulge nothing on penalty of death.

About three weeks before Ryan was murdered they held a meeting at Kentuck, at which it was moved they proceed at once to lynch George and Robert Duff, Frank Hamblin, Dock Jones, Jack Parsons and myself.

The motion was seconded but was voted down by a very small majority. The next week a meeting was held at the same place and the same motion was made and again voted down by a small majority. At this meeting, four of the members, for whom it was getting too murderous, withdrew from the band.

The next week the Duffs and Chess Coon were lynched, sure enough. After George Duff had been fatally wounded by the lynchers, Squire Taylor ordered the arrest of Bob Duff and Chess Coon. The next evening Squire Gardee ordered them taken to Walton. The constables disobeyed orders. Coon was taken to Joe Cook's and Duffy to Dave Cox's residence in the night.

That night the band had a secret meeting at the Lynn Camp school house. It was decided to lynch Coon and Duff immediately, though some voted to wait until Monday.

Ben Coon, an uncle of Chess Coon, one of the men whom they were going to lynch, was elected leader, and they accepted the position.

They went to Cook's, where Chess Coon was, took him out and hanged him. Then they went to Dave Cox's took Bob Duff out and cut his throat with a knife.

He was first shot in the left breast and breast, then a gash was cut in his throat, and finally Duff's head was held back while one man cut his throat from ear to ear.

In regard to the murderers of Ryan being the lynchers, the detective says: "We have secured evidence enough to prove, and will prove, that the men who lynched Coon and the Duffs were also the same men that murdered Rev. Thomas P. Ryan. Of the five or six men engaged in the murder of Ryan not one lives in Roane county.

"We have their names, and they are all in that county now, with some possible exceptions.

"A number of original letters are also made public, in which prominent citizens have been warned to leave the country. These warnings are all signed 'Regulators' and are addressed to men and women. The common form is to threaten destruction of property, mutilation of the person, or other outrageous conduct on the part of those on the part of any one was punished with a warning, and the persons warned generally found it wise to leave."

"The grips and other secret signs of the band are given. The forefinger of the right hand placed around the thumb is the signal for a meeting when it was dark, and the same finger thrust into the hand, that a meeting was to be held at once, and in the day time."

The men make oath to the above statement, and a number of affidavits accompany the publication.

TERRIFIC FIGHT WITH A MANIAC.

A New York Policeman Overpowers a Madman on the Roof of a High Building.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Two men struggling desperately on the cornice of the roof of 360 West Third street this morning caused passers-by to halt, and with bated breath watch the contest. One of the contestants was a maniac who wished to throw himself into the street five stories below; the other was a policeman. When Patrick Harten visited his cousin, James Fitzpatrick, yesterday at the above address, he soon became aware that James was out of his head. Harten hurried into the street and notified Officer Kennedy. When the lunatic saw the officer he endeavored to jump out of the window, but was caught in time. He freed himself, however, and ran to the roof, followed by Kennedy. Just as the maniac reached the edge Kennedy seized his coat tails and swung him with such force that both rolled upon the roof together. The lunatic never uttered a sound, but fought desperately, taxing the strength of Kennedy, who is a strongly built young man, to the utmost to restrain him. He was finally overpowered and removed to Jefferson Market court. Justice Waite sent him to Bellevue hospital.

Several Italian staff officers are in Berlin consulting with the German military authorities. It is reported that their mission is in connection with Italy's undertaking to send 150,000 troops to Galicia, in the event of war.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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Are You Sick?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goueness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dy

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Mr. James G. Blaine has arrived at Venice, where he will remain for some time.

Clearing house tables from 37 leading American cities show an increase in all but 10.

Bishop William H. Hickenlooper has died, aged 83. He was the oldest bishop in the Mormon church.

Fire destroyed the round-house of the Missouri Pacific railway, and twelve locomotives at Dennison, Texas. Loss $100,000.

Both branches of the Washington Territory legislature, at Olympia, have re-enacted the woman suffrage law, but exempted women from jury duty.

The Spanish minister of finance will propose in Congress a bill imposing heavy import duties on alcohol and petroleum. He hopes thereby to cover half of the next deficit in the budget.

The Standard Co-operative Pottery at East Liverpool, O., has burned. Loss, $32,000; insurance, $24,000. This pottery was the first to be put in operation on the co-operative plan. It started on September 1, 1886. It has proved a very successful structure and will be rebuilt.

A party of Orangemen attacked the Irish League meeting at Everton, a suburb of Liverpool, Sunday, and wrecked the hall where the meeting was held. Councilor Byrne, one of those attending the meeting, was seriously injured during the affray, and is in a precarious condition.

Police Officer Dempsey shot and killed Matthew Burns in St. Louis. The officer was searching for incendiaries, and was interfered with by a crowd of ruffians, and a fight ensued. Several were knocked down, but this did not suffice. The revolver was brought into play, and a shot at the crowd brought down the most aggressive one.

Following is a statement of the visible supply of grain in store and afloat on Saturday, January 14, 1888, as compiled by the New York Produce Exchange. Exchange statistician: Wheat, 43,248,132, bushels; decrease, 608,994 bushels; corn, 6,737,490 bushels; increase, 552,876 bushels; oats, 5,080,040 bushels; decrease, 210,147 bushels; rye, 313,-716 bushels; increase, 13,058 bushels; barley, 8,224,774 bushels; decrease, 103,420 bushels.

Nearly one hundred delegates representing the states of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska, were present at Chicago at the opening session of the 20th annual convention of the district grand lodge of the independent B'nai B'rith. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Samuel Tausig, Chicago, president; M. M. Hausman, Grand Rapids, Mich., first vice president; H. Herman, Milwaukee, second vice president; E. C. Hamburgher, Chicago, secretary; Albert Weil, Chicago, treasurer. Abraham Hart was appointed trustee of the Cleveland Orphan asylum.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

He Refutes the Charges that He Intended to Return the Rebel Flags.

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.—"Well what of it?" said Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, when he was shown a dispatch from Washington which stated that the rebel flags were boxed by his order. "What if the old rags were boxed up?"

"The insinuation evidently is that they were boxed with the intention of returning them to the southern states from which they were taken."

"I don't see that there is any reason for such an insinuation in that dispatch. I don't know anything about the matter. I don't recollect ever having heard a word spoken on the subject of rebel flags. I don't recollect having once seen them. I don't even know in whose charge they were. I have some reason for thinking that they were in charge of the Adjutant General, and have some grounds for believing they were in charge of the Chief of ordnance.

"I have a kind of a dim recollection of the chief of ordinance speaking to me once about some old rags of rebel flags which he had in his museum which, from the rottenness and general decay become unfit to be seen, suggesting they be boxed up, but I can't say that was so. Mind you if the flags are boxed, and anybody wants to insinuate that they were so boxed for the purpose of returning them to the Southern States it is all poppycock.

"The thing was never once spoken of or even thought of while I was in the department. We had more important matters to think about when I was there than the disposition that should be made of a few rotten flags."

NORTHWESTERN MILLERS.

Water Power Still Low—Output of Flour and Receipts of Grain.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 12.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: The flour output last week was 108,400 barrels, averaging 18,067 barrels daily, against 102,600 barrels the preceding week, and 106,600 barrels the corresponding time in 1887.

Two mills dropped out as a result of increased shortage of water, thus cutting off about 1,200 barrels daily. This leaves 14 running, six of which are using steam exclusively, while the seventh is employing water to drive one-half of the machinery.

Several other mills are now at a fair stage, but when some of the idle mills start up they run until the head is drawn down again. This causes uneven and not very satisfactory work.

Steam mills are kept in operation at full capacity, although the call for flour is less pressing. Order books are nearly clear, and the flour market is reported very dull, current sales of mills in operation amounting to less than their product.

Buyers seem to want lower prices, but the high cost of wheat precludes their being granted.

Trade is restricted and slow. Exports last week, 36,300. Wheat receipts, 539,-720 bushels; shipments, 173,960 bushels; flour, 111,155 barrels; millstuff, 3,669 tons; in store here, 7,844,724 bushels; Duluth, 3,648,716 bushels; St. Paul, 365,-000 bushels.

OHIO FOR SHERMAN.

So Says Ex-Congressman Conger in a Chicago Interview.

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.—Ex Congressman A. L. Conger of Akron, O., who is in the city, said yesterday:

"Sherman will have the Ohio delegation solid this year, and have it easily and without contest. Blaine has always been very strong in our state, very popular, and he has all his old friends. But at the state convention the matter was thoroughly talked over, and the feeling, without exception, is that Sherman should have the delegation solid.

"There will be no contest for delegates in the districts. If there were Blaine would get some of the delegates without doubt if he wanted them, but I have seen no indications of an effort on his part in Ohio.

"At the meeting of the National committee the candidates were talked of a good deal, of course, and Blaine's managers were on the ground and did work for him, but I am pretty certain it was not by his instructions."

TO THE WORKINGMEN.

The Democratic Party Preparing to Educate the Laborer in Economy so That He Can Live on Free Trade Wages.

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.—The executive committee of the Democratic State Central committee met in this city yesterday. The organization of a northwestern association of tariff reform Democrats, was urgently advocated.

From information already received, it was announced that the states of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Kansas, Indiana and Missouri were fully prepared to join a movement of this nature, and it was decided that each state should be represented one state committeeman, to be hereafter selected, whose duty it should be to collect and collate such information on the tariff question as would most thoroughly instruct the workingmen of the country upon this most important question.

LAND GRANTS.

Two Railroad Corporations Lay Claim to the Same Tract of Land.

ASHLAND, Wis., Jan. 13.—[Special wire.] —The application of the Northern Pacific railroad, to make selection of 90,000 acres within the place limits of its grant, filed at the local land office, was yesterday rejected by the register and receiver.

The lands asked for had already been selected by the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha company, being within the Omaha indemnity limits approved by the local land office, and, by this time, undoubtedly patented to the company.

It is a question whether the Omaha had a legal right to make selections for indemnity within the place limits of another grant, and it is quite certian the Northern Pacific will test the validity of the acts of the local land office, and the department in giving the lands to the Omaha.

WESTON'S CASE.

Hopes That the Board of Pardons May Act Favorably.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 17.—The board of pardons will meet at Harrisburg again today to consider the case of Milton Weston, the Chicago capitalist, now serving a sentence in the penitentiary as accessory to the murder of Obadiah Haymaker, who was killed during the Murraysville natural gas well riots. The friends of Weston have gone to Harrisburg to intercede for him.

It is said letters from the entire press of Pittsburg, together with many leading and influential citizens, will be presented praying for Weston's release. On the other hand the citizens of Westmoreland county will fight hard against any clemency being showed him. It is the general impression at Harrisburg that he will be pardoned.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

AFRAID TO FACE IT.

Cleveland Free Trade as Interpreted by Frank Hurd Repudiated.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—(Special.)—The New York *Sun* to-day prints the interview had with Hon. Frank Hurd by the Chicago *Tribune*. The *Sun* waxeth wroth and proceeds to read the riot act to Mr. Hurd, declaring in strong terms that Hurd misrepresents the President, and adds that the Toledo free trader will be greatly disappointed if he expects the presidential campaign to be on a tariff issue.

The signs of the times point to no action by Congress at this session, and the campaign for President will come and go, and take with it the fat President and his free trade whims.

The two wings of the Democracy in the House are still far apart, and Randall and McKinley have promised to support any plan that the wool growers' conference now in session here, may adopt.

EDUCATIONAL SCHEME.

A Pennsylvania Man Comes to the Front with a Bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—George Washington Townsend, of Pennsylvania, does not propose that Senator Blair, Frank Lawler, or any other educational reformer, shall outdo him. Last year Lawler introduced a scheme for buying Story's patent spelling reform to the government for 10 cents per capita of the population of the United States, which means about $6,000,000. Among the objects to be accomplished by this patent back-action wherewithal educational system is to give power to the teacher class and intensify their efforts, to disarm their prejudices, to allay the pride of self-opinion, to keep step with the improvements of the arts, sciences, and inventions of the times, and, above all, to intensify and make productive the 75 per cent of the brain force and power of the people now dormant, which would be a bargain at the price fixed in the measure. In a long memorial the originator makes this prayer: "That your honorable bodies may, in their consideration, adoption, and purchase of this educational system, prove themselves the very headlight on the engine of public and private progress that is to illumine the minds of their constituencies' advancement and their country's glory." If the system teaches men to write like that it is likely to be rejected in spite of its enabling elements.

IN FAVOR OF CARLISLE.

The Committee on Elections Decides in Favor of the Democrat.

WASHINGTON, January 14.—The House committee on Elections has decided not to re-open the Thoebe-Carlisle case, but to confirm Carlisle's title to his seat.

The vote was 12 in the affirmative—three members not voting.

THE TARIFF OF 1867.

The Wool Conference has Reached an Agreement in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The wool conference has reached an agreement which will be formulated at once. It will advocate a return to the tariff of 1867, and a corresponding readjustment of the wool and worsted rates.

A committee is at work embodying the decision of the conference in a report and text of a bill to the effect stated, both of which will be submitted to Congress.

A PENSION BILL.

A Bill Which, it is Claimed, the Administration Will Endorse.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Representative McDonald, of Minnesota, has introduced what is understood to be the administration pension bill, and which is intended to supersede all others, inasmuch as it embodies the views of Commissioner Black as well as the President; also Speaker Carlisle and other leading Democratic members of the House.

It provides and defines the evidence in the case of certain Union soldiers and widows and orphans of the same. In all cases of application for pension by any person who served not less than three months in the army and navy during the war for the suppression of the rebellion which are now pending, or hereafter may be, or have been rejected because of inadequate proof, it shall only be necessary to entitle such applicant or claimant to the allowance of such pension; that it shall be made to appear that he was mustered into the service and served as stated, and the official record, or other competent proof of such acceptance and service of which shall be conclusive evidence of his soundness at the time of enlistment, unless it is made to appear that the claimant at time of acceptance and muster in was laboring under disability, and knowingly and fraudulently concealed the existence of the same from the officers who so examined, accepted, and mustered him in. The bill also provides that the claimant must have been honorably discharged.

A board of medical examiners, or special examiner, as the case may be, shall examine and report that the claimant is laboring under disability to a pensionable degree, the extent and character thereof, and the rate per month that he is entitled to, and such report shall be conclusive as to the right of claimant to receive a portion of not less per month than the amount which said examining board or examiner reported him entitled to, and by his own affidavit that the alleged disability so found and reported upon was incurred in and by reason of such military or naval service, and was not the result of his own vicious habits and by the affidavit of acquaintances and reputable persons establishing the reasonable presumption that he has been laboring under the alleged disability since his discharge; provided that the claimant shall not be required to produce evidence of more than two such acquaintances as to the name state of facts, and that in all such claims for pensions the reasonable presumption as to disability, etc., shall be in favor of claimant.

DAKOTA MAY COME IN.

The Senate Committee Instructed to Report a South Dakota Bill.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 14.—The Senate committee intends to act promptly in meeting the claims of the Northwest commonwealth to statehood. This morning Senator Platt, the chairman, was instructed to report favorably a bill for the division of Dakota and the admission of South Dakota. The bill to be reported is a substitute for that known in the last Congress as the Harrison bill. Its amendments change the name of the proposed state to South Dakota and change the division line east of the Missouri to a point about five miles south of that proposed in the Harrison bill, so as to conform to present county lines, which are based upon the seventh standard parallel. An election is provided for to be held August 28, when the people are to pass again upon the new constitution, and also upon the proposed change of name and boundary. If they accept these, the new state will enter the Union without further proceedings.

The Democratic members of the committee at the outset started in to urge a policy of delay. They wanted to know why the Senate need act till a bill came over from the House. The reply was that if the Senate waited for this it would not take up Dakota till July or August. The Democrats in the House will try to amend the bill the first thing. They do not want an election by which the people of the territory could come into the Union as early as August. This would enable them to vote at the Presidential election in 1888, and would make sure three Republican electors. The Bourbon plan is merely to allow the territory to vote on an enabling act, and that not till November. They will also try to overcome the division idea, and make the territory come in as one body politic or not at all. It is not certain they can hold the party together on this proposition, but they will unquestionably be united in the determination not to increase the number of Presidential electors next year. The Senate, however, will go right on. The next measure it will report out may be for the admission of the state of the North Dakota. This will take the place of the bill in the last Congress, which provides only for a territory. The other change is in the boundaries, which is shown in the South Dakota matter.

CONGRESS.

The House Discusses the Bill to Increase the National Bank Circulation.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—On motion of Mr. Rogers, of Arkansas, a bill was passed to punish robbery, burglary and larceny in the Indian Territory. It fixes the maximum punishment for these offenses at $1,000 fine and 15 years' imprisonment.

Mr. Wilkins, of Ohio, under instructions from the committee on Banking and Currency, called up for present consideration, the bill providing for the issue of circulating notes to national banking associations.

Mr. Wilkins stated that under this measure the national banks, if they saw fit, might increase their circulation to the extent of ten per cent.

There was in the treasury a security for a circulation of $167,000,000. United States bonds to the amount of $189,000,-000. If this bill should become a law, the circulation of national banks would be increased in round numbers $21,000,000.

Cox Speaker Pro Tem—A Message from the President on Pacific Railroads.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—There was much uneasiness manifested in the House to-day over the news of the serious illness of Speaker Carlisle. The House was called to order by the clerk, who announced the fact of the Speaker's indisposition, and stated that nominations for a Speaker pro tem. were in order.

Mr. Mills, of Texas, offered a resolution appointing Samuel S. Cox, of New York, as speaker pro tem during the present temporary absence of the speaker, and the resolution was unanimously agreed to. Mr. Cox took the chair and called the House to order.

On motion of Mr. Mills a resolution was adopted directing the clerk to inform the Senate that the House had elected Hon. S. S. Cox speaker pro tem.

THE SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Mr. Vest from the committee on Commerce, reported bills authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Columbia river at Dallas City, Oregon, and a railroad bridge across the Wichita river in Arkansas. Placed on the calendar.

Also a bill authorizing the construction of a railroad bridge across the Missouri at some accessible point in St. Charles county, Mo., below the city of St. Charles. He asked immediate consideration for this bill. The bill war read and passed.

Mr. Dawes from the committee on Indian affairs, reported bills authorizing the appointment of a superintendent of Indian schools, and authorizing the sale of timber on the lands of the Menominee Indians, in Wisconsin. Calendar.

The resolution offered by Mr. Chandler on January 10, instructing the committee on the judiciary to inquire into the suppression of the votes of the colored citizens of Jackson, Miss., at the recent municipal election in that city, and into the alleged participation in such suppression by the United States district attorney, a deputy collector of internal revenue and a deputy U. S. marshal was taken up, and Mr. Chandler addressed the Senate in explanation and support of it.

GOVERNORS AND SENATORS.

STATE OF IOWA.

Senator Wilson Renominated—The Good Work Done by a Prohibitory Law.

DES MOINES, Jan. 11.—Senator Wilson has been renominated by the Republican caucus of the legislature.

Governor Larabie has delivered his biennial message to the legislature, and says that the enforcement of the prohibitory law has been so efficient in reducing crime that he recommends the consolidation of judicial districts so as to reduce the number of judges from 44 to 40.

In closing the message Gov. Larabie, says:

"Much progress has been made in the enforcement of prohibitory law. Not only has public sentiment much improved in relation to it, but judicial officers are more disposed to secure its enforcement.

"Many judges have given strong testimony in its favor, showing that where it has been well executed there has been a marked reduction in crime and also in court expenses.

"There has been a marked improvement in the condition of our poorer people, especially in the families of laboring men addicted to strong drink.

"While there is very little difficulty now in enforcing the law in rural districts and in a very large majority of the counties, there are still few portions of the state, particularly some of the larger cities, where the law is not enforced.

"This, however, does not include all such cities, for in Des Moines, Sioux City and Cedar Rapids, three of the largest and most rapidly growing cities of the state, the prohibitory law is now, and has been for the past year, well enforced.

IN KENTUCKY.

Mr. Beck Captures Again the Senatorial Honors.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 11.—The Kentucky legislature voted to day for United States Senator. In the House the ballot resulted:

Candidates.	Senate.	House.
Beck, Dem.	28	66
Bradley, Rep.	7	24
Cardis, L.	—	1

At noon to-day, both Houses met in joint session and completed the work of making Mr. Beck Senator from Kentucky for the next six years.

UTAH'S CAPITAL.

Governor West's Message Strongly Condemns Polygamy.

SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 11.—Governor West's message to the legislature has been delivered. It takes strong ground against polygamy and he recommends the repeal of legislation heretofore enacted by the Utah legislature, contrary to United States statutes.

LITTLE MARYLAND.

Hon. Elihu E. Jackson Inaugurated as Governor.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Jan. 11.—Hon. Elihu E. Jackson was inaugurated governor of Maryland to-day in the presence of both houses of the General Assembly and a large number of ladies who filled the gallery of the Senate.

In his inaugural Governor Jackson congratulated his hearers upon the sound financial condition of the state and promised to aid in a faithful and intelligent execution of the election laws.

RANDALL IN THE FIELD.

He Will Oppose Cleveland and Seek the Nomination Himself.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 13.—The story has gained wide circulation here, and is being generally credited, that a conspiracy is being hatched to defeat President Cleveland's renomination. The scheme to force the national convention to nominate a protectionist and place Congressman S. J. Randall at the head of the ticket. Those who are alleged to be concerned in the scheme are Randall himself, Senator McPherson, of New Jersey; Senator Brown, of Georgia; Congressman Foran, of Ohio, and possibly Senator Gorham, of Maryland, with the New York *Sun* as the mouthpiece of the combination. These are the facts as given by one of the most prominent Democrats in the state.

That Mr. Randall is not only hostile to the renomination of President Cleveland, but that he has himself the Presidential bee buzzing in his bonnet, is a fact well understood by Pennsylvania politicians who have watched his movements for some time past. As long ago as last May he sent his confidential agent, Michael Sullivan, through the state commissioned to feel the pulse of the Democratic politicians in the more important counties. He visited Harrisburg while the legislature was in session, and intervied a number of prominent Democrats of that body.

When cross questioned as to his purpose he admitted that the object of his inquiries was to ascertain the disposition of the Democrats toward Mr. Randall as a candidate for President, and remarked to several gentlemen: "We want the delegation from this state to the national convention for Mr. Randall; Cleveland will not do again."

The chairman of the state executive committee will be elected next Wednesday, and a bitter fight will be made by the two factions. Dallas Sanders is Randall's man, but the administration's friends claim they can defeat him. Among the opponents of Randall are classed leading Democrats of the state, such as E. B. Coxe, W. L. Scott, ex-Lieutenant Governor Black, ex-Governor Pattison, Collector E. A. Biglin, ex-Congressman Mutcher.

Steel Production.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 11.—The bulletin of the American Iron and Steel association says: The production of steel rails by our Bessemer Steel works in the first half of 1787 was 1,030,530 gross tons. In the second half 1,019,108 tons, or 2,049,638 gross tons in the whole year.

This result is 487,228 tons greater than the total production, 1,562,410 gross tons, in 1886.

Senator Ingall's Residence Burned.

ATCHISON, Ks., Jan. 12.—The elegant residence of Sen. Ingalls, on South Third street with all its contents, library and all, was entirely destroyed by fire at 5 o'clock this morning. The loss cannot fall short of $12,000, on which there is a partial insurance.

AGAINST REDUCTION.

The Iron Men Forward an Emphatic Protest.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 14.—At the annual meeting here of the Western Iron Ore Association the following memorial to Congress protesting against the removal or reduction of the duty on iron ore was unanimously adopted:

"The western iron ore association representing the iron ore producing and transporting interests of the Northwest, and of Missouri, beg leave hereby to most respectfully, but most earnestly, remonstrate and protest against the removal or reduction of the present duty on iron. Iron ore is produced in every part of our country but the mining interests represented by this association alone furnish the ore for nearly one-half of the total pig iron production of the United States.

"In the ore business of the Lake Superior ore region alone, in the mines of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, in the railroads necessary for moving their products to the lakes, in the shipping engaged in lake transportation, in the ore business of the railroads moving ores from the lower lake ports to the mills and furnaces at the interior to adjacent states there is now employed $140,000,000 capital.

"That the present rate of duty, 75 cents per ton, is insufficient for reasonable protection to the capital and labor engaged in the working and development of our American mines, is shown by the steady and large increase in the importation. About 1,300,000 tons came from Spain, Africa and Cuba in 1887.

"Our American miners are now competing directly with some of the poorest paid labor in the world. Spanish, African and Cuban ores are produced at a labor cost that would be oppressive to the last degree to an American laborer—such wages as we do not ask him to accept.

"American iron ore producers and American iron and steel manufacturers agreed at Cresson, Pa., in 1882, that the duty ought to be 85c per ton. Consumers of American ores, therefore, are not asking for a renewal or reduction of duty.

"The iron and steel industries of the United States can never depend upon the foreign ore supply. Reliance for permanently cheap iron and steel to the American consumer must always be upon American ore. Iron ore is the product of a combination of labor and capital. In view, therefore, of these recited facts and conditions in behalf of the very large and extended interest we represent, this association begs leave, respectfully, to renew its declaration against a removal or reduction of the duty on iron ore.

"GEORGE H. ELY, President."

FOUR HUNDRED PERJURERS

Aid a Foreign Syndicate in Robbing the United States Government.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—The *Herald* this morning prints a three column letter from Eureka, Cal., in regard to a gigantic timber land steal. The correspondent says that a foreign syndicate is operating in the Redwood district of which Eureka is the centre, and that it has already gobbled up 64,000 acres of the finest redwood forests in the world. The correspondent says:

"Of all the numerous robberies of the government of the United States, which have disgraced the Western and Pacific slope states during the past two decades, no one has possessed the monumental earmarks of unblushing fraud to a more startling degree than the one about to be related. For rugged picturesqueness of roguery the California Redwood company robbery is unique."

He then goes on to tell how the California Redwood company was organized in Edinburgh in 1883. The incorporators were Sir George Narrender, Bart.; E. D. I. Blythe, esq., Edinburgh; Thos. Nelson, esq., Edinburgh; Patrick Stirling, of Kippendavie; A. John Menzies, Edinburgh, and R. Bruce Johnston, Edinburg. These gentlemen, who supplied or controlled the capital, had the power to add to their number six other directors, according to discretion.

Jas. D. Walker, an Englishman, of San Francisco, was chosen the president. Chas. H. King, of San Francisco and David Evans of Eureka were appointed general managers. A number of notorious land sharks were hired by the company and sent to Eureka and they soon had the plans perfected for the great fraud.

The headquarters of the gang was in a back room of the tough gin shop of Gordon Barman, whose establishment was the resort of the most disreputable population of a Pacific slope new seaport. Three doors away from Barnum's saloon was located the United States land office.

The area of land sought by the conspirators was so vast that a small army of men was required to go through the forms of entering and proving, as required by the laws of the United States in the disposal of the public domain.

It was necessary to obtain 400 persons who were willing to aid in the fraud knowingly, or unconsciously through ignorance of the meaning of the statement each would be called on to take. The sum fixed by the redwood company as the maximum price was $500.

For that paltry sum men were to be called on to go to the land office and make a statement that the land they entered under beneficient and liberally generous laws of Uncle Sam, was for their individual use and occupancy.

As soon as the entry was made the men were escorted to the headquarters of the syndicate where the land was transferred to the "Canny Scotchman."

Thus it was that the chapter of crime was completed and the raid on sixty-four thousand acres of growing timber among the most valuable in the world was finally consummated.

SENSATION ON WALL STREET.

The Bank Statement is Only a Scheming Device to Defraud.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—The *Herald* this morning prints the following:

"Stock exchange operators have been in the habit of swearing by the weekly bank statements, indeed on Saturday the stock market is sometimes entirely influenced by the supposed favorable or unfavorable nature of this report. The disclosures of the Fourth National irregularities was a rude shock to the street and at once raised the questions, 'Can the bank statement ever be depended upon to tell the truth?'

"'If one bank can systematically monkey with the figures and mislate its condition don't other banks do the same?'

"'It is one of the severest shocks we have had in years,' said a veteran Wall street man.

"The bank statement has always been looked upon every week as gospel and now we find it is not the gospel but an apocryphical book.

"There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Baldwin has no means the only bank president who has misrepresented the condition of his bank. He was discovered only by accident, and the chance that went against him—after he had carried on the thing for some time—happened to go in favor of other bank officers who have done the same thing.

"The fact that came out yesterday that it has been known to Wall street brokers for a month and more that Baldwin was misstating his bank's condition, is in itself pretty good evidence that other banks are doing it, or at least conniving it.

"Mr. Baldwin is a good fellow and meant no harm, simply violated the law. The worst consequence of his act is that he has destroyed public confidence in the integrity of the bank statement. He had added an element of distrust which will be far reaching and will never be forgotten."

And this was what everybody in Wall street said—except the bank officials.

BURNING EIGHT YEARS.

Smouldering Fires Cause Terrific Explosions in the Coal Mines of Halifax.

HALIFAX, Jan. 16.—The Albion coal mines at Stellarton, owned by a Canadian, American and English syndicate, have again been wrecked by explosions and are on fire. These mines were the scene of the great explosion of 1883, when 45 lives were lost.

This time four men were badly injured, and fifteen men working in the Halifax pit when the fire was discovered had hairbreadth escapes.

The discovery was made at 10 o'clock Saturday night, and hardly had the men reached the surface when there was a explosion.

Two explosions occurred yesterday. The second one was of tremendous force, wrecking the engine house, destroying the fan, burning all the hoisting gear, and destroying all the buildings in connection with the mine.

This explosion was so great as to be felt like an earthquake shock for twelve miles in the surrounding country. The mine is still on fire. It is supposed to have communicated from the cage pit, which has been on fire since the great disaster eight years ago.

To Be Put to a Practical Test.

DECATUR, Ill., Jan. 12.—The Rev. M. S. Newcomer, late pastor of the Church of God, Decatur, has challenged the practitioners of faith cure to a test of their power. He provides that the cases shall be persons who are deaf, or blind, or afflicted with cancer, and for every one they cure he will pay $10 into a missionary fund, they paying the same for each failure. Isaac Schrader, of Columbia City Ind., has accepted the challenge, and names Chicago as the place for carrying it out.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

R. G. Dun & Co's. Review of Business for the Past Week—Business Dull But Money not Stringent.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—R. G. Dun & Co. in their weekly review of trade says: With perhaps little more than usual dullness for the first half of January, business still progresses without monetary pressure or unusual embarrassment from failure of collections in any part of the country.

While failures at some points are numerous, the aggregate is less than for the corresponding week last year, complaints of collections is much less frequent than a month ago. Within 30 to 60 days, payments on the large fall purchases will be required and some increase in failures would not be surprising, for the shrinkage in business toward the end of last year indicated that there had been an over-confident buying in some departments.

But the new year opens with less embarrassment from that, or other causes, than was reasonably apprehended.

Speculative markets are generally dull, which is not a bad sympton for legitimate trade.

Industries are somewhat disturbed by strikes and by legislative or business uncertainties. The shortness of supplies and high prices disturb manufacturers at many points, and it will prove unfortunate for northern iron producers that they are just now led by a temporary stoppage of some furnaces to hold their prices firmly, when southern makers are effecting contracts at $20 for No. 1 and $16 for mill iron.

In rails there is a number of sales of bar at $1.90.

At Philadelphia they show weakness, while the nail market is stiffer at $2.05.

The unusual prosperity of cotton manufacturers, with fair prices and a well sustained demand, has led to a demand for higher wages for spinners, which threatens to end in a strike.

At present the effect is to hasten purchases and stiffen prices.

Woolen business shows no definite improvement, but it is encouraging to find that, though last year's work was most unsatisfactory, the production is estimated at some of the chief centers at only 10 per cent. less than that of 1886, with a decline of 10 to 15 per cent. during the year in the average prices.

Other industries are progressing satisfactorily and in lead (the production of 160,000 tons, in copper the production of 182,500,000 pounds), surpass all previous records.

Reports from the interior at present show fewer features of interest than usual. Trade is quiet everywhere, or dull, as is usual at this season.

Money is generally easier with some tendency to stringency at St. Paul. Figures indicate the return of foreign capital to this country has been considerable during the past six weeks.

Breadstuffs have declined a little: corn, 1c; pork and lard are also a little lower; coffee is lower, with speculative reaction; cotton, with sales of 58,000 bales, is lower; oil has risen 2¼c; dairy products are higher; potatos are higher, with very heavy importations.

The failures during the last seven days number for the United States, 258; Canada, 30; total, 285; as against 279 last week; 323 for the corresponding week in 1887.

G. A. R. INSPECTION.

Making Preparations for a National Event —Inspector Generals.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 11.—The members of the G. A. R. are making preparations for the national inspection of posts to occur during the months of January and February. A circular was issued to-day from the G. A. R. headquarters to all the posts, asking them to get ready for the inspection.

The following named comrades were appointed as assistant inspector generals and directed to report for instructions as promptly as possible to Inspector General Ira M. Hedges, of Haverstraw, N. Y.:

Arkansas, A. S. Fowler, Little Rock; California, E. A. Dakin, San Francisco; Colorado, S. McClanathan, Denver; Connecticut, ——; Dakota, ——; Delaware, Peter B. Ayers, Wilmington; Florida, Jacob Gumbinger, Gulf; Louisiana, A. Woodward, New Orleans; Illinois, George O. Spooner, Batavia; Indiana, David Paul, Lieutenant; Iowa, James W. Johnson, Montezuma; Kansas, W. B. Shockley, Ft. Scott; Kentuck, T. E. Lewis; Maine, George H. Abbott, Portland; Massachusetts, Thomas H. Peiskell, Charlestown; Maryland, Theodore A. Werrell, Northeast; Michigan, Henry H. Applice, Bay City; Minnesota, R. H. Benton, Minneapolis; Missouri, John M. Cowdrey, ——; Montana, G. O. Eaton, Bozeman; Nebraska, ——; N. D., Waldman, Culbertson; New Hampshire, Jas. E. Sanville, Peterborough; New Jersey, Chas. B. Parsons; New Mexico, Wm. W. Berger, Santa Fe; New York, Chas. Appleby; Ohio, E. I. Pocock; Oregon, E. B. McElroy, Salem; Pennsylvania, Thos. F. Mahoney, Harrisburg; Potomac, Hans H. Smith, Washington, D. C.; Rhode Island, Samuel A. Waidron; Tennessee and Georgia, R. C. Whittaker, Newmarket, Tenn.; Texas, J. C. DeGress, Austin; Utah, J. E. Hudson, Ogden; Vermont, A. A. Smith, West Randolph; Virginia, Richard Bond, Fortress Monroe; Washington Territory, Eugene M. Baxter; West Virginia, Joseph A. Arkle, Wheeling; Wisconsin, Earl M. Rogers, Viroqua.

Commander-in-Chief Rea.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 14.—Commander-in-Chief John S. Rea, of the G. A. R., leaves to-night on an official trip through east New England. Encampments have been arranged so that he can visit them in order. He will be in Pittsburg, January 16. The programme for the return trip has not been fixed. He will be gone six weeks, and after his return will visit some of the Western states.

WILL GO TO COURT.

The Knights Theaten to Invoke the Law Against the Reading Companies.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 16.—For several days there has been under consideration by leading men in the order of the K. of L. the advisability of beginning suit by the commonwealth the attorney general against the Philadelphia & Reading railroad and Coal and Iron company to compel them to do certain things which it is alleged they are obliged to do under their charter and the various privileges granted by the state.

One charge is that the companies, by refusing to settle with the men, are "cornering" coal and other necessaries for the purpose of enhancing their values and exacting exorbitant prices from the community. Another charge relates to the responsibility of the companies as a common carrier, it being alleged that on account of the companies' action men are employed who do not give the best of service, and whose efforts result in delay and expense to the public.

There are other charges which have been discussed and it is said that some legal proceedings will shortly be instituted.

It was at first thought by prominent Knights who are gathering evidence for purposes of a legal action, that the best way to get at the facts in the controversy would be by a Congressional investigation, such as ordered in the case of the Southwest strike.

A movement was started to have Congress appoint a committee of investigation upon the ground that public interests warrant it, but after further consideration it was decided to postpone the application for a Congressional committee until the attorney general of the state could be heard from.

FOOTS UP 133.

A Late Summary of the Fatalities of the Recent Blizzard.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 16.—(Special.)—The *Journal* has a revised list of the fatalities from the blizzard, as follows:

Dakota	97
Minnesota	13
Iowa	6
Nebraska	17
Total	133

SIOUX FALLS, Dak., Jan. 17.—The eighth victim in the county of the recent blizzard was discovered yesterday. It was Eric Erickson, a farmer six miles from this city. He was out a short distance from his house when the storm struck, hauling hay. He was soon befuddled by the storm, as was every one who was out in it, and lost his way. He unharnessed the horses and unbitched the front portion of the bob sled, but was probably then too much exhausted to do anything further. The horses were found next day, but Erickson's body cannot be found.

Reports from all sections place the number of fatalities at 150, with 50 persons still missing.

WILL SETTLE IN THE COURTS.

The International Company of Mexico Wants the Money Due It.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Jan. 13.—Papers were filed in the Superior court yesterday in an action brought by E. A. Freeman, cashier of the International company of Mexico, as assignee, against Hanbury & Grover as agents of the company. The complaint alleges that defendants are indebted to the company in the sum of $100,250 for money collected by them from land buyers and retained by them instead of being turned over to the International company. Attachment papers were also taken out and an attachment levied on the office and real estate of the firm.

IREACHES EMIN BEY.

The Relief Party Under Stanley Reported to Have Penetrated Equatorial Africa.

LONDON, Jan. 13.—[Special cable.]—Dispatches have reached Cairo that Stanley has reached Emin Bey, who has been for a long time at Wadela, in the Equatorial provinces of Africa, awaiting a relief expedition. Dr. Schweinfurth, the African explorer, writes from Cairo stating that the news reached that city on December 22.

Emin Bey is an Austrian by birth and a man of extraordinary executive ability, was educated as a physician and was one of Midhat Pasha's assistants. After an adventurous career he became appointed on the staff of General Gordon as surgeon-in-chief. He was an expert linguist and had an acquaintance with Turkish, Arabic, German, French, Italian and English, as well as many of the African dialects. During the four years he was with General Gordon he accomplished a great amount of work, including many important diplomatic missions to Uganda and Unyoro.

General Gordon, when he went to Khartoum, sent Emin Bey, who had embraced Mohammedanism, to rule the Equatorial provinces. This was ten years ago and during the first three years he drove out the slave traders from a region containing 6,000,000 inhabitants and converted a deficiency of revenue into a surplus.

He has since vaccinated thousands of natives in order to stamp out smallpox, opened the first hospital ever known in that quarter, opened a route of forty post-offices, made important discoveries and shown altogether a phenomenal ability for governing people. He was dependent all that time on his own resources in a barbarous region encompassed by hostile tribes, and when the war in Africa was ended by Lord Wolseley the Equatorial provinces were neglected and forgotten.

He taught the natives many of the arts of civilization and might have deserted thousands of people to the mercies of slave traders if he had chosen.

CARE FOR THE CANALS.

New York State Preparing to Spend Millions of Dollars to Enlarge and Improve Her Waterways.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—Senator Cantor has offered a bill, in accordance with the platform of the last Democratic state convention, which contains a most comprehensive plan of development of the water commerce of the state, that if carried into effect promise to reduce the cost of wheat delivered in New York city one cent a bushel.

This will be only one of the effects, though it is one of the chief importance to the people of New York city.

To the people of the eastern part of the state it means the cheapening of coal, ore, coke, building materials and bulky merchandise.

It is the legislative beginning of a thorough enlargement of the canal system that will allow the continual use of steam instead of mule power, and the making of tows of three, four and five boats, instead of two, to the great saving of freightage. Senator Cantor outlines what is proposed, though it does not contain the full plan which will need appropriations from several successive legislatures.

It gives this necessary work in charge of the superintendent of public works, where the canals are at present, and puts the cost of the work on the state. The present bill asks for the appropriation of $1,000,000, perhaps five times as much more will be needed fully to carry out the comprehensive plan.

Both parties have declared in favor of the enlargement of the canals and a full development